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A D D I T I O N S

Joseph Ba

T O T H E

WORKS OF PETER PINDAR, Esq.

C O N T A I N I N G

- I. A POETICAL EPISTLE to a FALLING MINISTER.
- II. SUBJECTS for PAINTERS.
- III. EXPOSTULATORY ODES to a GREAT DUKE
and LITTLE LORD.



M,DCC,LXXXIX.



E P I S T L E

TO A

FALLING MINISTER

BLIND to an artful Boy's insidious wiles,
Why rests the Genius of the QUEEN OF ISLES?—
Whilst LIBERTY in irons sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs suspense on VIRTUE's coward arm?—
Whilst TYRANNY prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the sword of JUSTICE o'er our wrongs;—
Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;
Oh! if thy race one blush could ever boast,
And that lorn sign of Virtue be not lost;

Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an empire mourn.

Drawn from a Garret by the ROYAL SIRE,
Warm'd like the Viper by his friendly fire,
What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done?—
Fix'd, like the Snake, thy fang upon the Son!

Yes—thou most gen'rous youth, thy hostile art
Hath lodg'd a pois'nous shaft in BRITAIN's Heart!
Thy arm hath dragg'd a column to the ground,
The sacred wonder of the realms around!
To make snug, comfortable habitations
For thee and all thy pitiful relations.
Barbarian-like— how like those sons of spoil,
Whose impious hands on hallow'd structures toil—
Base throng, that through PALMYRA's Temple digs,
To form a lodging for themselves and pigs!

Oh! if Ambition prompts thy soaring soul
To live the theme of future times with R-LLE;
Thrice happy youth, like *his* shall shine thy name,
Who gave th' Ephesian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of R----, (to thee though dear)
The name abhorr'd by HONOUR's shrinking ear,
I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
And give it mention, though it blasts my song.

How

How couldst thou bid *that* R-LL-E, despis'd by all,
 On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall :
 Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
 And claim the merit of the *FAIR ONE's Friend ?

Art thou the YOUTH on whom the Virtues smile ?
 The boasted Saviour of our sinking Isle ?
 O'er such, OBLIVION, be thy wing display'd !
 Oh ! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade !

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
 A stranger to their charm, the LOVES detest ?—
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
 Ne'er knew the triumph of one soft'ned hour ?
 To give the flinty soul the tender sigh,
 Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye !
 In vain for thee of beauty blooms the rose :
 In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows—
 A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive—
 Dead to those charms that keep the world alive !

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide—
 In vain the virtues of thy PRINCE to hide—
 Thou and thy Imps, to dim his rising ray,
 Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day !

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on
 Mrs. F---h-----t in the House of Commons, exceeds all precedent.

Mad toil!—I see his ORB superior pass,
That smiles triumphant on the fable mass.

Pitt
O ---- ! a Sister Kingdom damns thy deeds,
And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.
HIBERNIA scorns each meanly treach'rous art
Hatch'd by the base r-b——n of thy heart,
That crawls on aspic bloated black with fate,
To pour a dire contagion through the State.
She, with an honest voice, her PRINCE approves,
And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves ;
Detests a hangman's unremitting toil
To break upon the wheel a happy Isle ;
Who yet to push the guilt and folly further,
Suborns Addresses to applaud the murder !
Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends,
On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends !
See BUTE's mean Parasite, thy spaniel, creep,
Whose Argus' eyes of av'rice never sleep ;
A close State leech, who, sticking to the nation,
As adders deaf to Honour's execration,
Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
Nor till the State expires will drop away.

Yet see another FIEND, with scowling eye,
Who draws from NATURE's soul her deepest sigh ;
Asham'd her hand should usher into light
What Fate should whelm with everlasting night !

Lost

Lost by his arts, behold the beauteous MAID,*
 Whom INNOCENCE herself could ne'er upbraid,
 Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb,
 Whilst all but *he* with grief survey'd her doom;
 Whose heart disdain'd to feel—whose eye severe,
 Compassion never melted with a tear!

Yet left in silence to himself alone,
 Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan!
 At ev'ry sound how horror heaves the sigh!
 How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
 He sees her *Phantom*, form'd by treach'rous Love,
 Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
 He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
 And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale!
 At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
 How wild he starts amidst the specter'd shade!
 And dreading ev'ry hopeless hour the last,
 He hears the call of DEATH in ev'ry blast!

Such are thy Colleagues, † O thou *patriot* Boy!
 Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;

* The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.

† We must not forget, however, Messieurs their Graces of R. and G. Harry D. *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our poetical calendar.

Who, crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait
To fasten on the vitals of the State !

Such are the miscreants who would rule the realm !

Such the black pirates that would seize the helm !

Had not I known thee, ----, the Muse had sworn,

That, blest to see the State to atoms torn,

Hell with her host had drawn each damned plan,

And for the murder nurs'd thy dark Divan.

Speak—Hath thy heart with mad ambition fir'd,

Like CROMWEL's, hot for pow'r, to thrones aspir'd ?

Then may that *young, old* trait'rous bosom feel

The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel ;

Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,

May Heav'n with hoary age a Rebel curse—

From sweet society behold him torn,

Condemn'd, like CAIN, to walk the world forlorn.

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,

The Muse for vengeance panting pour'd her *song*—

But, ah ! in vain I wish'd the blessing mine,

To plant a scorpion's sting in ev'ry line.

Now Prudence gently pull'd the Poet's ear,

And thus the Daughter of the BLUE-EY'D MAID,*

* Minerva.

In Flatt'ry's soothing sounds, divinely said,

“ O PETER ! eldest born of PHOEBUS, hear—

“ Whose verse could ravish King's relax the claw

“ Of that gaunt, hungry savage christ'ned LAW—

“ Indeed thou wantest worldly wisdom, PETER,

“ To mix a little oftner with thy metre—

“ Lo ! if thine eye Dame Fortune's smile pursues,

“ To oily adulation prompt the MUSE.

“ Give for the future all thy rhymes to praise ;

“ Strike to the glorious PITT thy sounding lyre—

“ Thy head may then be crown'd with WARTON'S

“ bays,

“ And mutton twirl with spirit at the fire.”

“ PRUDENCE,” quoth I, “ indeed—indeed I can't—

“ Don't ask me to turn rogue and sycophant !”

Now with a smile, first cousin to a grin,

DAME PRUDENCE answer'd, bridling up her chin—

“ Sweet, harmless, pretty, conscientious Pigeon !

“ Ah ! PETER, well I ween thou art not rich—

“ Know that thou'lt die like beggars in a ditch—

“ Know, too, that hunger is of no religion.

“ Sit down and make a Horace imitation,

“ Like Pope, and let the stanza glow

With

“ With praise of *Messieurs* PITT and Co.
“ The present worthy Rulers of the Nation.”

With purs’d-up, puritanic mouth so prim,
Thus spoke *Dame Prudence* to the *Bard* of Whim ;
Who, with politeness seldom running o’er,
For inspiration scratch’d his tuneful sconce,
To please *Dame Oracle*, for once——
A Dame, some say, he never saw before.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

(ODE XII. BOOK I.)

On Messieurs PITT and CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir Joseph and the King,
 What sort of gentry shall we deign to sing?

What high and mighty name that all adore?
 What ministerial weight that bribes each Cit,
 Wolf-like to howl for homage to KING PITT,
 And set each smoky ale-house in a roar;
 That sends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,
Alias his vote-seducing pimps,

To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and song,
 To put their greasy fists to Court Addresses,
 Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,
 And with a fiddle lead the logs along.

Shall DORNFORD, king of wine, and mum, and perry,
 Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Master MERRY;
 Two fages who, in diff'rent places born,
 CHICK LANE and BLACK-BOY ALLEY did adorn?

Or,

Or, Muse, suppose we sing KING PITT himself,
The greatest man on earth—a cunning elf,

Who driveth, JEHU-like, the CHURCH and STATE:
And, next to Royal PITT, we'll sing the DAME,
Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,
Lamenting sad a MONARCH's hapless fate;
Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart so cruel,
So prudent, numbers each Bank note and jewel!

Nor shall we by old Bacchus WEYMOUTH pass,
A jolly fellow o'er his glass——

Nor, SWELLENBERG, shalt thou a shrimp appear,
Whose palate loves a dainty dish,
Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,
Whose Strelitz stomach holds a butt of beer;

Who soon shalt keep a falsehood for good places,
For which so oft the people squabble,
From gaping Cobblers to their gaping Graces,
And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll sing how calmly C——N takes the bit,
And trots so mildly under MASTER PITT;
And TH——ow, too, whom none but PITT could
tame,

Who, blest with Master BILLY's finest saddle,
No longer makes our brains with neighing addle——
No longer now JOB's war horse snorting flame;

But

But that slow Brute whom few or none revere,
Fam'd for his fine base voice and length of ear

Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose——

Poor CH^{an}-C-LLOR* will make no riot——

Calm in his stall his aged limbs repose,

And pleas'd he eat his oats and hay in quiet !

This Pair, so tame, amid the courtier throng,
Shall drag their Master William's, coach along,

And raise the wonder of the million !

Just like two bull-dogs in a country town,

That gallop in their harness up and down,

With MONSIEUR MONKEY for postillion.

We'll sing the Brothers of our loving Queen,
Fine hungry, hearty youths as e'er were seen ;

Who, if once try'd, would shine, I make no
doubt——

And chiefly he who merits high rewards,

Who, wrigling to the Hanoverian guards,

Kept the poor PRINCE of BRUNSWICK out,
Although so brave a Prince, and spilt his blood
So freely for the King of England's† good.

* The name of the horse.

† This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true.—The Prince of Brunswick's Genius was forced to yield to the superior one of the Queen's Brother !

We'll

We'll sing, too, Master R-LLE, who, fond of fame,
 High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,
 To bear the MINSTER—to be his ass—
 Like Conj'ror BALAAM's reas'ning brute,
 That carry'd BALAAM, BALAK to salute,
 And curse the Israelites, alas!

And lo! as did the Lord—

Who op'd the mouth of BALAAM's beast;
 So hath our Lord, Squire PITT, upon my word,
 Op'd MASTER R-LLE's, to give the house a feast!

Yet, hang it! DEV'NSHIRE is by ARAM* beat—

A circumstance that wrings the Poet's soul—

For BALAAM's Jackass made a speech quite neat,
 Which never yet was done by PITT's poor R—.

Or shall I sing old *Cornwall's* death,

Or fierce Sir *Bullface*, who resign'd his breath

With brother *Cornwall* in the self-same year—

A downright bear!

Who bade a Monarch, like a boy at school,

Not spend his money like a f---?

We too might sing the King of Swine,

Sir *Joseph*! peerless in the fat'ning line.

* Balaam's Country Seat.

We too may *Brudenell* sing, who, some time since,
 Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his *Prince* ;
 Follow'd him, spaniel like, about ;
 Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,
 That he would ten times rather lose his place
 Than leave him—Thus said he with phiz devout :
 But when it came to pass His *Highness* try'd him,
 This false *Apostle*, *Peter* like, deny'd him !

We'll sing Lord *Galloway*, a man of note,
 Who turn'd his Taylor, much enrag'd, away,
 Because he stitch'd a star upon his coat
 So small, it scarcely threw a ray—
 Whereas he wish'd a planet huge to flame,
 To put the moon's full orb to shame—
 He wanted one so large with rays so thick,
 As to eclipse the star of Sir *John Dick* !
 Sir *John*, who got his star, so bright and stout,
 For making super-excellent *sour krout*.*

Or, Muse, suppose we sing the *Sp--ker's* wig,
 In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies ;
 Which, to a headpiece scarcely worth a fig,
 Importance gives, that greatly doth surprise,

* This honour of the star was really conferred on him by the
Empress of Russia for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the Medi-
 teranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen their
 courage for a massacre of the poor Turks.

When

When through the chaos of the house he bawls
 For *Order* that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
 Driv'n by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
 And blowing noses, that distract her drums.

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor *Gr-----lle's* head,
 Because it wanteth eyes—imperfect creature!
 Again—its lining hap'neth to be lead——

Such are the whimsicalities of Nature:
 And thus this speaking headpiece, is no doubt,
 As dark *within* as *certes 'tis without*!

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty sprig,
 A very promising, a thriving twig,
 That by his parents dear was said would be,
 In time, a very comely tree,
 And what those parents dear would also suit,
 Produce enormous quantities of fruit.
 By God's good grace, and much good looking after——
 A thought that now convulseth us with laughter!

Suppose we chaunt old *Willis* and his whip,
 At which the human hide revolts;
 Who bids, like grasshoppers, his pupils skip,

And breaks mad gentlemen like colts;
 Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand——
 And such the mighty Conjuror's command,

He

He, by the magic of sticks, ropes, and eyes,
Commands wild Folly to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two

Upon the *Bedchamber's* most idle *Imps*—
Those Lords of gingerbread—a gaudy crew,
Sticking together just like social shrimps;
Regardless who the State Coach drives,
So *they* may lead good merry, lazy lives;
Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay,
So they, like moths, may flutter life away!

Pitt shall the House of Commons rule,
And *eke* of poor *Incurables* the school;
And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen
As meanly think of *Hastings* and the -----!
On di'monds *Pitt* and Co. shall largely feast,
Knock down the Nabobs, and exhaust the East!

O *Lady*! whose great wisdom thinketh fit
To spread thy petticoat o'er *William Pitt*!
This *William Pitt* and Thou, without a joke,
Will turn out most extraordinary folk!

PITT and the PETTICOAT shall rule together,
Each with the other vastly taken;
Make, when they chuse, or fair or filthy weather,
And cut up kingdoms just like bacon!

B

T H U S

THUS having finish'd, *Prudence*, with a stare,
 Exclaim'd, " Rank irony — thou wicked Poet." —
 Quoth I, " My little Presbyterian Fair,
 " I know it." —

Ah!" quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,
 " When will this stupid world be wise?"

" Ah! had the *Prince* his proper int'rest felt,
 " And like *Bucephalus*, the famous, knelt
 " To take *Pitt Alexander* on his back,
 " He might have ambled prettily along,
 " And very rarely felt his Rider's thong —
 " Just now and then a gentle smack,
 " T' inform his Royal colt what Being rode him,
 " And with such dignity bestrode him.

" Yes—had His *Highness* but vouchsaf'd to stoop,
 " With *heav'n-born Pitt* he might ^{have} eat his soup,
 " Joy'd in the full possession of his wishes,
 " And with his servant shar'd the loaves and fishes!"

ODE XII. Lib. I. Ad AUGUSTUM.

QUEM virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
 Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?
 Quem deum? cujus recinet jocosa
 Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?
 Unde vocalem temere insequuta
 Orphea sylvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
 Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
 Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
 Ducere Quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
 Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
 Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
 Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
 Nec viget Quidquam simile aut secundum :
 Proximos illi tamen occupavit
 Pallas honores.

Prælius audax neque te silebo
 Liber, & sævis inimica virgo
 Belluis : nec te metuende certa,
 Phæbe, sagitta,

Dicam & Alceiden ; puerosque Ledæ,
 Hunc equis, illum superare pugnīs
 Nobilem : quorum simul alba nautis
 Stella refulsit,

Defluit saxis agitatūs humor :
 Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes :
 Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
 Unda recumbit,

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
 Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
 Tarquini fascēs, dubito, an Catonis
 Nobile lethum.

Regulum

*Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
 Prodigum Paulum, superante Pæno,
 Gratus insigni referam Camæna,
 Fabriciumque.*

*Hunc, & incomtis Curium capillis,
 Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
 Sæva paupertas, & aritus apto
 Cum lare fundus.*

*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
 Fama Marcelli : micat inter omnes
 Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
 Luna minores.*

*Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
 Orte Saturno ; tibi cura magni
 Cæsaris fatis data : tu secundo
 Cæsare regnes.*

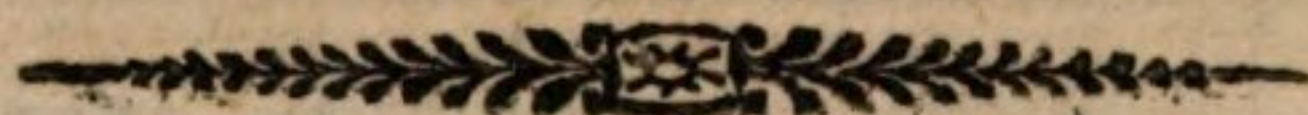
*Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
 Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
 Sive subjectos Orientis oris
 Seras & Indos ;*

Te minor latum reget equus orbem :
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

S U B J E C T S

F O R

P A I N T E R S



“ Qui veut peindre pour l'Immortalité

“ Doit peindre des Sots.”

FONTENELLE.

TESTES

104

PAINTE

Qui veut peindre pour l'immortalité

Doit peindre des Sages

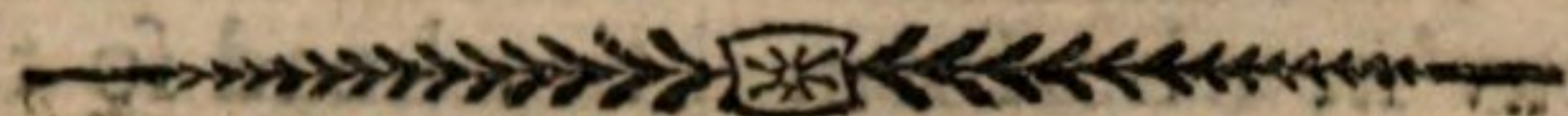
Fontenelle

TO THE READER.

THE rage for historical Pictures in this kingdom, so nobly rewarded by Messrs. Boydell and Macklin, hath, with the great encouragement of two or three of the principal Muses, tempted me to offer subjects to the labourers in the graphic vineyard. When Shakespeare and Milton are exhausted, I may presume that the following Odes, Tales, and Hints, in preference to the labours of any other of our British bards, may be adopted by the brush of Genius. Had I not thus stepped forward as the champion of my own merit, which is deemed so necessary now-a-days for the obtention of public notice, not only by authors, but by tetemakers, perfumers, elastic trufs, and Parliament speechmakers, &c. who, in the daily newspapers, are the heralds of their own splendid abilities, I might possibly be passed by without observation, and thus a great part of a poetical immortality be sacrificed to a pitiful *mauvaise honte*.

TO THE
The range for historical literature is not limited
to the study of the past, but includes the study of
the present, with the great encouragement of
two or three of the principal writers, I have
to offer subjects to the student in the study of
the past. When the student and the student are
I may produce the study of the past, and
Hence in preference to the study of any other of
our British history, may be accepted by the study of
Germany. Had I not thus helped forward the
education of my own mind, which is learned to no
extent now-a-days for the education of public notice,
not only by authors, but by lecturers, professors,
classicists, and I have no doubt, but who
in the daily newspapers, are the heralds of their own
splendid abilities, I might possibly be called by with-
out objection, and thus a great part of a poetical
immortality be sacrificed to a utilitarian motive.

SCENE THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



PEACE and good will to this fair meeting!—

I come not with hostility, but greeting—

Not eagle-like to scream, but dove-like coo it—

I come not with the sword of vengeance, rhyme,

To flash, and act as journeyman to Time—

The God himself is just arriv'd to do it.

To make each feeble figure a poor coarse,

I come not with the shafts of satire sporting ;

Then view me not like Stubbs's staring horse,

With terror on th' approaching lion snorting ;

I come to bid the hatchet's labours cease,

And smoke with friends the calumet of peace.

Knight of the polar star, or bear, don't start,

And, like some long-ear'd creatures, bray " what

" art ? " —

Sir William, shut your ell-wide mouth of terror—
 I come not here, believe me, to complain
 Of such as dar'd employ thy building brain,
 And criticise an œconomic error.*

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,
 And bid thee seek again Palladio's school;
 Or copy heav'n, who form'd thy head so thick,
 To give stability to stone and brick;
 No—'twould be cruel now to make a route—
 The very stones already have cry'd out,

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to spy,
 And call thee for the workmanship hard names;
 To point which wing shall next forsake the sky,
 And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

Nor come I here to cover thee with shame,
 For putting clever Academic men,†
 Like calves or pigs into a pen,
 To see the King of England and his dame,

Midst

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raised at an extraordinary expence, fell to the ground lately; but as the Knight is a favourite at Court, no harm is done. The Nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in *Sir William's* way.

† *Sir William* actually gave orders for the non-admission of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to see the Royal procession

'Midst carts and coaches, golden horse and foot ;
 'Midst peopled windows, chimnies and old walls ;
 'Midst marrowbones and cleavers, fife and flute,
 Passing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's.

Where, as the show of gingerbread went by,
 The rain, as if in mockery from the sky,
 Dribbled on ev'ry academic nob,
 And wash'd each pigtail smart, and powder'd bob.

Wash'd many a visage, black and brown, and fair,
 Giving to each so picturesque an air ;
 Resembling that of drooping, rain-soak'd fowls,
 Or, what's a better picture, parboil'd owls ;
 Whilst thou, great Jove upon Olympus, aping,
 Didst sit majestic, from a window gaping.

O, *West*, that fix't and jealous eye forbear,
 Which scowling marks the bard with doubt and fear,
 Thy forms are sacred from my wrath divine ;
 'Twere cruel to attack such crippled creatures,
 So very, very feeble in their natures,
 Already gasping in a deep decline !

procession to St. Paul's, as he had some women and children of his acquaintance who wished to see the show. Half a dozen boards were consequently ordered to be put together on the outside of the building for their reception.

I seek

I seek them not with scalping thoughts, indeed;
 Too great my soul to bid the figures bleed :
 No—peace and happiness attend 'em ;
 Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em.

I come not to impart to thee the crime
 Of over dealing in the true sublime ;
 I scorn with malice thus thy fame to wound ;
 Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
 That too divine effect of light and shade
 Were ever 'midst thy labours to be found.

Nor swear to blast an atom of thy merit,
 That elegance, expression, spirit,
 Too strongly from the canvass blaze ;
 And damn thee thus with Raphael's praise :
 Besides, against the stream I scorn to rush ;
 The world ne'er said, nor thought it of thy brush.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd say,
 " Here lies below, a painter's clay,
 " Who work'd away most furiously for Kings,
 " And prov'd that fire of inclination,
 " For pleasing the great Ruler of a Nation,
 " And fire of genius, are two diff'rent things."

Nor

Nor come I here t' inform some men so wise,
 Who shine not yet upon the R. A. list,
 That limbs in spasms and crack'd, and gogling eyes,
 With grandeur cannot well exist.

Nay, let it be recorded in my rhyme,
 Convulsions cannot give the true sublime.

St. Vitus might be virtuous to romance—
 Peace to the *manes* of that capering faint;
 Yet let me tell the sons of paint,
 Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

Wide faucer eyes and dire distortion,
 Will only make a good abortior.

No, landscape painters, let your gold streams sleep—
 Sleep, golden skies and bulls, and golden cows,
 And golden groves and vales, and golden sheep,
 And golden goats, the golden grafs that brouze,

Which with such golden lustre flame,
 As beat the very golden frame.

Peace to the scenes of Birmingham's bright school!
 Peace to the brighter scenes of Pontypool!

Aw'd I approach, ye sov'reigns of the brush,
 With Modesty's companion sweet, a blush,

And

And hesitation nat'ral to her tongue;
 And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,
 Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties smil'd;
 And led her blushing, nothing loath, along,
 To give the lady a green gown so sweet,
 On beds of roses, Love's delicious feat.

Yes, sober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come

To this great dome

To offer subjects to the sons of paint:
 Accept the pleasant tales and hints I bring,
 Of Knight and Lord, and Commoner and King,
 Sweeter than hist'ry of embowell'd faint;
 Or martyr beat like shrovetide cocks with bats,
 And fir'd like turpentin'd poor roasting rats.

Inimical as dogs to pigs,
 Or wind and rain to powder'd wigs,
 Or mud from kennels to a milk-white stocking;
 Hostile to Peter's phiz as if a pest,
 Why springs the man of hist'ry, Master *West*,
 And cries, "Off, off; your tales and hints are
 " shocking;
 " Inventions—fabrications—lies—damn'd lies;
 " Kings and the world besides, thy spite, despise.

" Sir, you're a liar, ev'ry body knows it;

" Sir, every stupid stanza shows it:

" Sir

“ Sir, you know nothing of a King and Queen ;
 “ In spheres too high their orbs superior roll
 “ By thy poor little grov’ling, mole-ey’d soul,
 “ Thou outcast of Parnassus, to be seen.

“ Sir, they do honour to their god-like station,
 “ The two first luminaries of of the nation,
 “ So meek, good, gen’rous, virtuous, humble,
 wife;
 “ Whilst thou a savage, a great fool so fat,
 “ Curs’d with a conscience blacker than my hat,
 “ Art rival to that fiend the Prince of Lies.

“ Go, pour thy venom on my Lear*—
 “ A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear :

“ King Lear, to mortify thee, goes
 “ Where Majesty delights with West to prate,
 “ Much more than Ministers of State,
 “ Where thou shalt never show thy nose !

“ Where Pages fancy it a heinous crime,
 “ Thou foul-mouth’d fellow, to repeat thy rhyme ;
 “ Where ev’ry Cook, it is my firm belief,
 “ Would nobly make it a religious point,

* A pretty iron-staring Sketch now in the Exhibition.

“ Rather than put thy trash upon a joint,
 “ To let the fire consuming burn the beef.

“ There’s not a shopkeeper in Windsor town
 “ That would not hang thee, shoot thee, stab thee,
 “ drown,
 “ That doth not damn thy stuff, thy odes and tales;
 “ That doth not think thy Odes would give disease
 “ To ev’ry thing they wrapp’d—to bread, to cheese,
 “ Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.

“ The very Windsor dogs and cats,
 “ The very Windsor owls and bats,
 “ Would howl and squawl, and hoot and shriek to
 “ meet
 “ Like thee a raggamuffin in the street.

“ The servant maids of Windsor from each shop,
 “ Some pointing brooms, and some a scornful mop,
 “ Their loyal sentiments would dissembogue,
 “ And taunting cry, ‘ There goes a lying rogue.’

“ Behold rank impudence thy rhymes inspire ;
 “ Consummate insolence thy verse provoke !
 “ Fool ! to believe thy muse a muse of fire,
 “ A chimney-sweeper’s drab, a muse of smoke.

“ The

“ The very bellman’s rhymes possess more merit ;

“ Nay, Nichols’ magazine exceeds in spirit :

“ A printer’s devil with conceit, so druuk,

“ Who publishes for gentlemen and trunk ;

“ Who sets up author on old Bowyer’s scraps ;

“ Bowyer, whose pen recorded all the raps

“ That hungry author’s gave to Bowyer’s door,

“ To swell the curious literary store :

“ Who on a purblind antiquarian’s back,

“ A founder’d, broken-winded hack,

“ Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones—

“ On darkest coins the brightest legend reads,

“ On traceless copper sees imperial heads,

“ And makes inscriptions older than the stones.

“ Too bids, to give his customers surprise,

A Druid altar from a pigstye rise.

“ Yes, Nichols aping wisdom through his glasses—

“ Thee, thee Apollo’s scavenger, surpasses.

“ Soon shall we see the Fleet thy carcase wring,

“ Mean through the prison grate for farthings

“ angling,

“ Suspending feet of stockings by a string,

“ Or glove or night-cap for our bounty dangling ;

“ Whilst issuing from thy mouth begrim’d with
 “ beard,

“ Thy pale nose poking through thy prison hole,
 “ The hollow voice of mis’ry will be heard,

“ ‘ Kind ge’mman, pity a poor hungry soul:
 “ ‘ Have pity on a pris’ner’s case so shocking——
 “ ‘ Good lady, put a farthing in the stocking!’

“ What impudence thus bold a face to push!
 “ Arm’d with a winking light of paltry ruse,
 “ As if with Truth’s bright torch, into our roam;
 “ To dart on ignorance the fancied rays——
 “ To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,
 “ And kind illumine error’s midnight gloom.
 “ Get out, and pertly don’t come troubling *me*;
 “ A dog is better company than *thee*.”

I thank ye—much oblig’d t’ye, Master *West*,
 For thoughts so kind, and prettily exprest;
 Yet won’t I be refus’d, I won’t indeed;
 You must, you shall have tale, and ode, and hint;
 This memory of mine contains a mint;
 And thus, in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me, as to our bright King and Queen,
 Their names are sacred from the poet’s spleen—
 Peace to their reign; they feel no more my jokes,
 Whether to Hanover they wisely roam,

Or

Or full as wisely count their cash at home,
My satire shall not hurt the gentlefolks.

Pleas'd in a hut to broil my mutton bone,
I sigh not for the ven 'fon of a throne :
Nay, slavery doth not with my pride agree ;
A toadeater's an imp I don't admire ;
Nor royal small-talk doth my soul desire—
I've *seen* my Sovereigns—that's enough for *me*.



A thousand themes for canvass I could name,
To give the artist beef and fame :
Lo ! Hodfell in his country seat so fine,
Where, 'midst his tulips, grin stone apes with parrots,
Where Neptune foames along a bed of carrots,
Instead of cleaving through his native brine.

Where Phœbus strikes to cabbages his strings,
Where Love o'er garlick waves his purple wings,
Where Mars to vanquish beets heroic leans ;
And, arm'd with lightnings, with terrific eyes,
The great and mighty Ruler of the skies,
Sublimely thunders through a bed of beams ;

Close by whose side the haymakers are mating,
And Dutchmen to their knees in onions skaiting.

A mighty

A mighty warrior in the House of Lords,
 Swallowing, alas ! a bitter, bitter pill ;
 Eating, poor man, his own sad words,
 Exceedingly against his noble will ;

Whilst Rawdon by his side, with martial face,
 Commandeth him to swallow with a grace ;
 Would make an interesting scene, indeed,
 And show the courage of King Charles's breed !

How like a Doctor, forcing down the throat
 Of some poor puling child a dose of salts,
 At which its little soul revolts,
 With wrigling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note ;
 Yet forc'd to take the formidable purge,
 Or taste a bitt'rer dose, the threat'ned scourge !

Or Richmond *, watchful of the State's salvation,
 Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the nation ;
 Now buying leathern boxes up by tuns,
 Improving thus the nature of great guns ;
 Guns blest with double natures, mild and rough
 To give a broadside, or a pinch of snuff.

* The Duke absolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a snuff-box-maker, which, at Woolwich, on Saturday the second day of May 1789, were seriously tried and, like many a Nobleman, found too *soft*.

Or

Or Richmond † at th' enormous reck'ning struck,
At Portsmouth batling hard about a duck.

A certain high and mighty Dutchess,
Hugging her husband in her cat-like clutches,
Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal;
Whose flax in heaps is seen to fly around,
Whilst he, pale wight, emits a plaintive sound,
Like animals that furnish man with veal;

Would make another pleasing scene,
Showing the mettle of an arrant Quean;
Longing to shine a first-rate star at Court,
For satire's pen, a subject of rare sport;
Longing to purify a luckless blood,
Deep-stain'd, and smelling of its native mud.

The valiant Gloster at the army's head,
Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth;

† At Portsmouth his Grace, not long since, bespoke a dinner for a few friends; and because no impression had been made on a roasted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Master General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Suffex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, &c. thought it a grievous imposition, and consequently ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

In

Inbattle galloping o'er hills of dead,
 Would glow with such an air of truth!—
 Not on a jackass mounted, but a steed
 Of old Buceephalus's breed.



Salisbury examining the iron hands
 Of Fame's and sweet St. Giles's blackguard bands
 That clap our Kings to Parliament and play—
 Salisbury, too, gauging all their gaping throats,
 Exciseman-like, to find the best for notes,
 That money may'nt be thrown away :

Resolv'd from those same regions of vulgarity,
 To get full pennyworths of popularity ;
 Resolv'd his master should be fairly treated,
 And not, as usual, by his servants cheated.

Suppose, to give this humour-loving isle
 A pretty opportunity to smile,
 You paint the Solomon of yon fam'd place,*
 Where fair Philosophy, the heav'nly dame,
 By barb'rous usage cover'd deep with shame,
 No longer shows her exil'd face ;
 Where *cent. per cent.* in value rise,
 Toads, tadpoles, grasshoppers, and flies.

* The Royal Society.

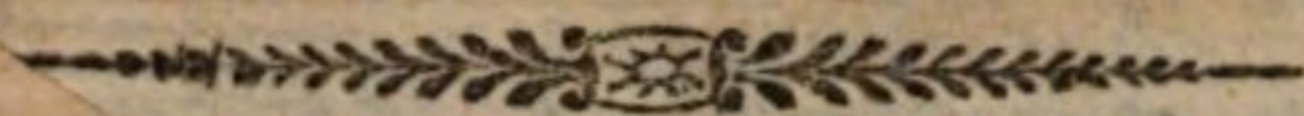
Suppose you paint Sir Joseph all so blest,
 With many a parasitical dear guest,
 Swol'n by their flatt'ries like a bladder big,
 Throwing away of learning such a waste,
 And proving his superior classic taste,
 By swallowing the *sumen* of a pig.



PITT trying to unclench Britannia's fist,
 Imploring money for a King ;
 Telling most mournful tales of Civil List,
 The lady's tender heart to wring,
 Tales of expence in Doctors' bills,
 High price of blisters, bolusses, and pills,
 Long journey to St. Paul's t' oblige the nation,
 And give God thanks for restoration :
 Britannia with arch look the while,
 Partaking strongly of a smile,
 Pointing to that huge dome,* the nation's wealth ;
 Where *people* sometimes place their cash by stealth,
 And all so modest with their secret store,
 Inform the world they're poor, ah, very poor.

* The Bank of England.

Brudenell and Symonds† with each other vying,
 Sweet youths! for little Norman's‡ favours fighting,
 A picturesque effect would form;
 That hugging mother for the daughter's charms,
 This with the yielding damsel in his arms,
 Taking the citadel by storm;
 That running with the girl in triumph off,
 This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.



A great law Chief, whom God nor Demon scares,
 Compell'd to kneel and pray,|| who swore his pray'rs,
 The dev'l behind him pleas'd and grinning,
 Patting the angry lawyer on the shoulder,
 Declaring nought was ever bolder,
 Admiring such a novel mode of finning:

Like this, a subject would be reckon'd rare,
 Which proves what blood-game infidels can dare;
 Which to my mem'ry brings a fact,
 Which nothing but an English tar would act—

† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.'s contest for the charming
 prize is well known to the Opera House.

‡ A pretty black-ey'd Figurante at the Opera.

|| On the Thanksgiving Day at St. Paul's

In Ships of war, on Sundays pray'rs are giv'n ;
For though so wicked, sailors think of heav'n,

Particularly in a storm ;
Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their souls are in a miserable funk,

Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
If in his goodness only once, once more,
He'll suffer them to clap a foot on shore.

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
They ne'er on week-days pester Heav'n with pray'rs ;
For 'tis among the Jacks a common saying,
“ Where there's no danger, there's no need of
“ praying.”

One Sunday morning all were met
To hear the parson preach and pray,
All but a boy, who, willing to forget
That pray'rs were handing out, had stol'n away ;
And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawl'd to take a nap, into a cask.

The boy was soon found missing, and full soon
The boatswain's cat sagacious smelt him out ;
Gave him a clawing to some tune——

This cat's a cousin German to the Knout. *

* A common punishment in Russia.

“ Come out, you skulking dog,” the boatswain cry’d

“ And save your damn’d young sinful soul:”

He then the moral-mending cat apply’d,

And turn’d him like a badger from his hole

Sulky the boy march’d on, and did not mind him,

Altho’ the boatswain flogging kept behind him:

“ Flog,” cried the boy, “ flog—curse me flog away—

“ I’ll go—but mind—God d—mn me if I’ll *pray*.”

The KING of SPAIN and the HORSE.

IN sev'nte'n hundred sev'nty eight,
 The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,
 Whose ancestors sent forth their troops to smite
 The peaceful natives of the western main,
 With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,
 To play the devil, to oblige the Lord !

For hunting, roasting heretics, and boiling,
 Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,
 Was thought heav'n's cause amazingly to further ;
 For which most pious reason, hard to work
 They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
 To charm the God of mercy with their murther !

I say, this King in sev'nty-eight survey'd,
 In tapestry so rich, pourtray'd
 A horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle :
 Within the stirrup, lo, the Monarch try'd
 To fix his foot the palfry to bestride ;
 In vain !—he could not o'er the palfry straddle !

Stiff as a Turk the beast of yarn remain'd,
 And ev'ry effort of the King disdain'd,
 Who 'midst his labours to the ground was tumbled,
 And greatly mortified, as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the struggle of the day,
 The horse attempted not to run away ;
 At which the poor chaf'd Manarch now 'gan grin,
 And swore by ev'ry faint and holy martyr,
 He would not yield the traitor quarter,
 Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's knight,
 Hight Quixote, at a puppet show,
 Did with more valour stoutly fight
 And terrify each little squeaking foe ;
 When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray !
 And broke their pasteboard bones, and stabb'd their
 hearts of hay.

Not with more energy and fury
 The beauteous street-walker of Drury
 Attacks a sister of the smuggling trade,
 Whose winks, and nods, and sweet resistless smile,
 Ah, me ! her paramour beguile,
 And to her bed of healthy straw persuade ;
 Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,
 And snails with silver traces deck the wall.

And

And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd,
 And now he kick'd, and fore the palfry bruise'd ;
 Yet, lo, the horse seem'd patient at each kick,
 And bore with Christian spirit whip and stick ;
 And what excessively provok'd this Prince,
 The horse so stubborn scorn'd ev'n once to wince.

Now rush'd the Monarch for a bow and arrow,
 To shoot the rebel like a sparrow ;
 And lo, with shafts well steel'd, with all his force,
 Just like a pincushion, he stuck the horse !

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boar,
 With nails and teeth the wounded horse he tore ;

Now to the floor he brought the stubborn beast ;
 Now o'er the vanquish'd horse that dar'd rebel,
 Most Indian-like the Monarch gave a yell,

Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feast ;
 Blest as Achilles when with fatal wound
 He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
 He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire !
 Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
 How dang'rous to resist the will of Kings.

Lord

Lord B. and the EUNUCH.

A LORD, most musically mad,
 Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
 Ask'd a squeal Eunuch to his house one day—
 A poor old *semivir*, whose throat
 Had lost its love-refounding note,
 Which art had giv'n, and time had stol'n away.

“ Signior Squalini,” with a solemn air,
 The Lord began, grave rising from his chair,
 Taking Squalini kindly by the hand ;
 “ Signior Squalini, much I fear
 “ I’ve got a most unlucky ear,
 “ And that ’tis known to all the music band.

“ Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps,
 “ And, true it is, I don’t know flats from sharps :
 “ Indeed, Signior Squalini, ’tis no hum,
 “ So ill doth music with my organs suit,
 “ I scarcely know a fiddle from a flute,
 “ The hautbois from the double drum.

“ Now

“ Now though with Lords, a number of this nation,

“ I go to op’ras, more through fashion

“ Than for the love of music, I could wish

“ The world might think I had some little taste,

“ That those two ears were tolerably chaste,

“ But, Sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

“ Get me the credit of a *Cognoscente*,

“ Gold shan’t be wanting to content ye.”—

“ *Bravissimo!* my Lor,” replied Squalini,

With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity;

“ De nobleman mus never look de ninny.”—

“ True,” cry’d the noble Lord, with German gravity.

“ My Lor, ven men vant money in der purse,

“ Dey do not vant de world to tink dem poor,

“ Because my Lor, dat be von shabby curse;

“ Dis all same ting wid ignoraunce, my Lor.”—

“ Right,” cry’d his Lordship in grumbling tone,
Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone.

“ But first I want some technicals, Signor”——

Bowing, the Eunuch answered,—“ Ifs, my Lor;

“ I teach your Lorchip queekly, queekly, all,

“ Dere vat be call de *softenuto* note,

“ Dat be ven finger oppen vide de troat,

“ And den for long time make de squawl——

D

“ Mush

“ Mush long, long note, dat do continue while

“ A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

“ My Lor, der likewise be de *cromatique*,

“ As if de finger vas in greef, or sick,

“ And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine :

“ De high, oh, dat musician call *soprano* ;

“ De low voice, *basso* ; de soff note, *piano*—

“ *Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marchesi shine.

“ Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know—

“ *Allegro*, quick ; *Adagio*, be de flow ;

“ *Pomposo*, dat be manner make de roar ;

“ *Maestoso*, dat be grand and nobel ting,

“ Mush like de voice of Emperor, or de King ;

“ Or you, my Lor,

“ When in de house you make de grand oration,

“ For fave, my Lor, de nobel Englis nation.”

Thus having giv’n his lesson and a bow,

With high complacency his Lordship smil’d :

Unravell’d was his Lordship’s pucker’d brow,

His scouling eye, like Luna’s beams, so mild :

Such is th’ effect, when flatt’ries sweet cajole

That praise- admiring wight yclep’d the soul ;

And from the days of Adam ’tis the case,

That great’s the sympathy ’twixt soul and face.

“ Signor

“ Signor Squalini,” cry’d the Lord,
 “ The op’ra is begun, upon my word—
 “ *Alto*s, Signor, and hear me—mind,
 “ As soon as ever you shall find
 “ A finger’s voice above or under pitch,
 “ Just touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch.”

“ Ifs, ifs, my Lor, (the Eunuch straight reply’d)
 “ I sheet close by your Lordship side ;
 “ And den, accordin to your Lordship wish,
 “ I give your Lordship elbow littel twish.”

Now to the opera, music’s sounds to hear,
 The old Castrato and the noble Peer

Proceeded—Near the orchestra they sat,
 Before the portals of the singers’ throats !
 The critic couple mousing for bad notes
 With all the keenness of a hungry cat.

Now came an out-of-tunish note——

The Eunuch twitch’d his Lordship’s coat :

Full-mouth’d at once his Lordship roar’d out

“ psha !”

The orchestra, amaz’d, turn’d round

To find from whence arose the critic sound,

When, lo ! they heard the Lord, and saw !

The Eunuch kept most sily twitching,
 His frowning Lordship all the while,
 (Not in the cream of courtly stile)
 Be-dogging this poor finger, that be-~~v~~itching,
 Uniting too, a host of damning phas,
 And reap'd a plenteous harvest of applause:—
 Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful skill,
 And though the Eunuch's dead, remains so still.

To the A C A D E M I C I A N S.

SUPPOSE you paint the Dev'l with smiling mien,
Whisp'ring deceit to any King or Queen,
'Tis what the prince of foot hath often done—
For lo, with many a King and many a Queen,
In close *confab* the gentleman is seen—

With such hath Satan oft a world of fun—
More fun, or diadems are much bely'd,
Than all the little under world beside !

The Dev'l's a fellow of much sterling humour,
If we may credit public rumour :

And all so civil in each act and look,
That whensoever we incline
On some rare dish of sin to dine,
We can't employ a nicer cook.

Who, too, so generous disdains
To take a sixpence for his pains——

Nay, at our money would be vex't ;
Happy to please us *gratis* with his art,
Provided, when from *this* world we depart,
We join his fire side in the next.

Like

Like Gloucester, who for pay can leave his party,
 Some years ago I join'd his corps so hearty,
 Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated :
 Fir'd by the subject in my rhyming mode,
 I Complimented Satan with an Ode,
 Which for the brushmen's sake, shall be repeated .

ODE

O D E to the D E V I L.

INGRATUM ODI.

PRINCE of the dark abodes ! I ween
 Your Highness ne'er till now hath seen
 Yourself in metre shine ;
 Ne'er heard a song with praise sincere,
 Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,
 Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reason is too plain,
 Thou triest to starve the tuneful train,
 Of potent verse afraid ;
 And yet I vow, in all my time,
 I've not beheld a single rhyme
 That ever spoil'd thy trade.

I've often read those pious whims——
 John Wesley's sweet damnation hymns,
 That chant of heav'nly riches.
 What have they done ?—those heav'nly strains,
 Devoutly squeez'd from canting brains,
 But fill'd John's earthly breeches ?

There's

There's not a shoe-black in the land,
 So humbly at the world's command,
 As thy old cloven foot ;
 Like lightning dost thou fly, when call'd,
 And yet no pick-pocket's so maul'd
 As thou, O Prince of Soot !

What thousands hourly bent on sin,
 With supplication call thee in,
 To aid them to pursue it ;
 Yet, when detected, with a lie
 Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
 “ The Devil *made* me do it.”

Behold the fortunes that are made,
 By men through roguish tricks in trade !
 Yet all to thee are owing——
 And though we meet it ev'ry day,
 The sneaking rascals dare not say,
 This is the *Devil's* doing.

As to thy company, I'm sure,
 No man can shun thee on that score ;
 The very best is thine :
 With Kings, Queens, Ministers of State,
 Lords, Ladies, I have seen thee great,
 And many a grave Divine.

I'm forely griev'd at times to find,
 The very instant thou art kind,
 Some people so uncivil,
 When aught offends, with face awry,
 With base ingratitude to cry,
 " I wish it to the Devil."

Hath some poor blockhead got a wife,
 To be the torment of his life,
 By one eternal yell ;
 The fellow cries out coarsely, " Zounds,
 " I'd give this moment twenty pounds
 " To see the jade in hell."

Should Heav'n their pray'rs so ardent grant,
 Thou never company wouldst want
 To make thee downright mad ;
 For mind me, in their wishing mood,
 They never offer thee what's good,
 But ev'ry thing that's bad.

My honest anger boils to view
 A snuffling, long-fac'd, canting crew,
 So much thy humble debtors-
 Rushing, on Sundays, one and all,
 With desp'rate pray'rs thy head to maul,
 And thus abuse their betters.

To seize one day in ev'ry week,
 On thee their black abuse to wreak,
 By whom their souls are fed
 Each minute of the other fix,
 With ev'ry joy that heart can fix,
 Is impudence indeed !

Blushing I own thy pleasing art
 Hath oft seduc'd my vagrant heart,
 And led my steps to joy——
 The charms of beauty have been mine ;
 And let me call the merit thine,
 Who broughtst the lovely toy.

No, Satan—if I ask thy aid,
 To give my arms the blooming maid ;
 I will not through the nation all,
 Proclaim thee (like a graceless imp)
 A vile old good-for-nothing pimp,
 But say, “ ’tis thy vocation, Hal.”

Since truth must out—I seldom knew
 What ’twas high pleasure to pursue,
 Till thou hadst won my heart——
 So social were we both together,
 And beat the hoof in ev'ry weather,
 I never wish'd to part.

Yet

Yet when a child—good Lord ! I thought
That thou a pair of horns hadst got,

With eyes like faucers staring !

And then a pair of ears so stout,

A monstrous tail and hairy snout,

With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,

By day I us'd to dread the Devil,

And trembling when 'twas night,

Methought I saw thy horns and ears,

Then sung or whistled to my fears,

And ran to chace my fright.

And ev'ry night I went to bed,

I sweated with a constant dread,

And crept beneath the rug ;

There, panting, thought that in my sleep

Thou slyly in the dark wouldst creep,

And eat me, though so snug,

A haberdasher's shop is thine,

With fins of all sorts, coarse and fine,

To suit both man and maid :

Thy wares they buy, with open eyes ;

How cruel then, with constant cries,

To vilify thy trade !

To speak the truth, indeed, I'm loath—
Life's deem'd a mawkish dish of broth

Without thy aid, old Sweeper:
So mawkish, few will put it down,
E'en from the cottage to the crown,
Without thy salt and pepper.

O Satan, whatsoever geer
Thy Proteus form shall chuse to wear,
Black, red, or blue, or yellow,
Whatever hypocrites may say
They think thee (trust my honest lay)
A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears alas!)
To praise the bridge o'er which we pass;
Yet often I discover
A numerous band who daily make
An easy bridge of thy poor back,
And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then with cap in hand,
Obsequious to a graceless band,
Whose souls are scarce worth taking?
O Prince, pursue but my advice,
I'll teach your Highness in a trice
To set them all a quaking.

Plays, op'ras, masquerades, destroy ;
 Lock up each charming *fille de joie* ;
 Give race-horses the glander—
 The dice-box break, and burn each card—
 Let virtue be its own reward,
 And gag the mouth of slander ;

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
 There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,
 That will not glad agree,
 If thou wilt charm 'em as before,
 To show their nose at church no more,
 But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my Ode should end ;
 And now I tell thee like a friend,
 Howe'er the world may scout thee ;
 Thy ways are all so wond'rous winning,
 And folks so very fond of finning,
 They cannot do without thee.

The TENDER HUSBAND.

LO, to the cruel hand of Fate,
 My poor dear GRIZZLE, meek-soul'd mate
 Refigns her tuneful breath—
 Though dropp'd her jaw, her lip though pale,
 And blue each harmless finger-nail,
 She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
 I scarce can think her but asleep—
 How wonderfully tame!
 And yet her voice is really gone,
 And dim those eyes that lately shone
 With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
 To take it in his head to smite—
 To lift his dart to hit her ;
 For as she was so great a woman,
 And car'd a fingle fig for no man,
 I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still

Still is that voice of late so strong,
 That many a sweet Capriccio sung,
 And beat in founds the spheres !
 No longer must those fingers play
 Britons strike home, that many a day
 Have sooth'd my ravish'd ears ?

Ah me ! indeed I'm much inclin'd
 To think I now might speak my mind,
 Nor hurt her dear repose ;
 Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,
 Were I to put my fingers o'er,
 And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause——
 How wonderful are nature's laws,
 When Lady's breath retires,
 Its fate the flaming passions share,
 Supported by a little air,
 Like culinary fires !

When'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
 Shall Fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,
 And loud instructive lungs :
 O Death, in her, though only one,
 Are lost a thousand charms unknown,
 At least a thousand tongues.

Soon

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
 And saw her gently-closing eye,
 How great was my surprise !
 Yet have I not, with impious breath,
 Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
 Nor blam'd the righteous skies.

Why do I groan in deep despair,
 Since she'll be soon an angel fair ?
 Ah ! why my bosom smite ?
 Could grief my Grizzle's life restore !——
 But let me give such ravings o'er——
 Whatever is, is right.

Oh, Doctor ! you are come too late ;
 No more of physic's virtues prate,
 That could not save my lamb :
 Not one more bolus shall be giv'n—
 You shall not ope her mouth, by heav'n,
 And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of bolusses, poor heart,
 And pills, she took to load a cart,
 Before she clos'd her eyes :
 But now my word is here a law,
 Zounds ! with a bolus in her jaw,
 She shall not seek the skies.

Good

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
 And saw her gently-closing eye,
 How great was my surprise !
 Yet have I not, with impious breath,
 Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
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 And pills she took to load a cart,
 Before she clos'd her eyes ;
 But now my word is here a law,
 Zounds ! with a bolus in her a jaw,
 She shall not seek the skies.

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away ;
 To hear my sighs you must not stay,
 For this my poor lost treasure :
 I thank you for your pains and skill ;
 When next you come, pray bring your bill ;
 I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
 For God's sake gently tread the room,
 Nor call her from the blest——
 In softest silence drop the tear,
 In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,
 To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream ;
 I cannot bear a grief extreme——
 Enough one little sigh——
 Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
 In many a mind may start belief,
 Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care ;
 Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare ;
 Her mouth, ah ! slowly close ;
 Her mouth a magic tongue that held——
 Whose softest tone, at times, compell'd,
 To peace, my loudest woes.

And,

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of stoutest oak her coffin make——

I'd not be stingy, sure——
Procure of steel the strongest screws;
For who wou'd paltry pence refuse
To lodge his wife secure?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor shake her precious head;
Since Fame reports a coffin tost,
With careless swing against a post,
Did once disturb the dead

Farewel, my love, for ever lost!
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
That I again will woo——

By all our past delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
P—x take me if I do!

The SOLDIER and the VIRGIN MARY.

A T A L E.

A Soldier at Loretto's wond'rous chapel,
To parry from his soul the wrath divine,
That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,
Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine;
Who ev'ry day is gorgeously deck'd out,
In silks or velvets, jewels, great and small,
Just like a fine young lady for a rout,
A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At first the Soldier at a distance kept,
Begging her vote and interest in heav'n——
With seeming bitterness the sinner wept,
Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n:
Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery:
Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,
Ev'n with her garter, stocking, or shoe,
And such like wonder-working mummary.

What answer Mary gave the wheedling sinner,
Who nearly, and more nearly mov'd to win her,

The

The mouth of hift'ry doth not mention,
And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,
And pious Aves, thick as herrings, faying,
And fins fo manifold confefling ;
He drew, as if to whifper, very near,
And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her ear,
Instead of taking the good lady's bleffing.

Then off he fet with nimble fhanks,
Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks :
A hue and cry the thief purfu'd,
Who, to his coft, foon underftood
That he was not beyond the claw
Of that fame long-arm'd giant chriften'd Law.

With horror did his Judges quake——
As for the tender-conscienc'd Jury,
They doom'd him quickly to the ftake,
Such was their dev'lish pious fury.

However, after calling him hard names,
They ask'd if ought he had in vindication,
To fave his wretched body from the flames,
And finful foul from terrible damnation.

The Soldier answered them with much *sang froid*,
Which show'd, of sin, a conscience void,

That if they meant to kill him, they might kill :
As for the diamond which they found about him,
He hop'd they would by no means doubt him,
That Madam gave it him from pure good will.

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale :
The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
And his infallibility be heard.

The Pope, to all his Counsellors, made known
This strange affair—to Cardinals and Friars,
Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.

The Question now was banded to and fro,
If MARY had the pow'r to *give*,—or *no*.

That Mary *could not* give it,—was to say,
The wonder-working Lady wanted pow'r——
This was a stumbling block that stopp'd the way—
This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars, low'r.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo !
And keep secure the diamonds that were left ;
They said, she *might*, indeed, the gem bestow,
And consequently it might be no theft.

But

But then they pass'd immediately an act,
 That ev'ry one discover'd in the fact,
 Of taking presents from the Virgin's hand,
 Or from the Saints of any land,
 Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter,
 Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
 To need poetical assistance ;
 Which bids you not let men approach too near,
 But keep the saucy fellows at a distance ;
 Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize
 Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their knees !

An

An ODE to EIGHT CATS,

Belonging to *Israel Mendez*, a Jew.

SCENE, *the Street in a Country Town.*—The TIME,
Midnight, the Poet at his Chamber Window.

SINGERS of Israel, Oh, ye fingers sweet,
Who with your gentle mouths from ear to ear
Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
And to the sleepless wretch the night endear ;

Lo! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks ;
Your friskings, crawlings, squawls, I much ap-
prove ;

Your spittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,
Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,
With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

How sweetly roll your goosb'rry eyes,
As loud you tune your am'rous cries,

And

And, loving, scratch each other black and blue!
 No boys in wantonness now bang your backs,
 No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax,
 But all the moonlight world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel, you no parsons want
 To tie the matrimonial cord;
 You call the matrimonial service, cant—
 Like our first parents, take each other's word;
 On no one ceremony, pleas'd to fix—
 To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
 Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle;
 No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass;
 Nor nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,
 Which custom for our Christian babes, enjoins,
 To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have you need,
 Ye males, before you seek your bed,
 To settle pin-money on madam:
 No fears of cuckoldom, heav'n blefs ye,
 Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,
 Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behaving,
 No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,
 No

No nightcaps snug—no trouble in undressing
 Before you seek your strawy nest,
 Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,
 To feast on Love, heav'ns greatest blessing.

Good gods ! ye sweet love-chanting rams !
 How nimble are you with your hams
 To mount a house to scale a chimney top ;
 And peeping down that chimney's hole,
 Pour in a tuneful cry, th' impassion'd soul,
 Inviting Miss Gramalkin to come up :

Who, sweet ogling female, far from coy,
 Answers your invitation note with joy,
 And scorning, 'midst the ashes more to mope ;
 Lo ! born on Love's all-daring wing,
 She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
 Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—
 Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu !
 I do suppose you need not now be told
 How much I wish that I was one of you.

SONG

SONG to DELIA.

FORLORN I seek the silent scene,
 To keep the image of my fair;
 Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
 And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget its woe?
 The virgin would have mourn'd for me—
 O nymph the eternal tear shall flow?
 Th' sigh unceasing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of his parted maid,
 Too many an unfeeling swain
 Forsakes of solitude the shade,
 For Pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!
 Their easy hearts their tongues belie—
 Who loves, reveres the fair one's ghost,
 And seeks a pleasure in a sigh.

Sir

Sir J. BANKS and the THIEFTAKER.

SIR Joseph, fav'rite of great Queens and Kings,
 Whose wisdom, weed and insect hunter fings ;
 And ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling ;
 Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields,
 Where Nature such exhaustless treasure yields,
 A simpling !

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright,
 The nimble pupils of Sir Sampson Wright,
 A simpling too for plants call'd Thieves, proceeded ;
 Of which the nation's field should oft be weeded.

Now did a thieftaker so fly,
 Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
 And quick espy'd the Knight with solemn air,
 Deep in a ditch where watercresses grow ;
 On which he to his comrades cry'd, " See, ho ! "
 Then jump'd (unsportsman like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir Joseph did not squeak, but bawl'd,
 With dread prodigiously appall'd—

The

The thieftakers no ceremony us'd ;
 But taking poor Sir Joseph by the neck,
 They bad him speak ;

But first with names their captive Knight abus'd.
 " Sir, what d'ye take me for ?" the Knight ex-
 " claim'd—

" A thief," reply'd the runners with a curse :
 " And now, Sir, let us search you, and be damn'd"—
 And then they search'd his pockets, fobs, and purse :

But 'stead of pistol dire, and crape,
 A pocket handkerchief they cast their eye on,
 Containing frogs and toads of various shape,
 Dock, daisy, nettletop, and dandelion,
 To entertain, with great propriety,
 The members of his sage society :

Yet would not alter they their strong belief,
 That this their pris'ner was no thief !

" Sirs, I'm no highwayman," exclaim'd the Knight—
 " No—there," rejoin'd the runners, " you are right—
 " A footpad only—Yes, we know your trade—
 " Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace :
 " We want no proofs, Old Codger, but your face ;
 " So come along with us, Old blade."

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain—
 In vain, Sir Joseph pleaded—'twas in vain

That

That he was highly titled, that he swore—
 The instant that poor Banks his titles counted,
 Which to an F. R. S. and Knight amounted,
 His guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd, and cry'd
 “*encore.*”

Sir Joseph told them, that a neighb'ring Squire
 Should answer for it that he was no thief :
 On which they plumply damn'd him for a lyar,
 And said such stories should not save his beef ;
 And if they understood their trade,
 His *mittimus* would soon be made ;
 And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum,
 For sending such a rogue to kingdom come.

Now to the Squire mov'd pris'ner Knight and Co.
 The runners taking him in tow,
 Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
 Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,
 So black, and of enormous fize,
 Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back'
 For fear the Knight might run away,
 And made indelicate, his breeches slack,
 We've no authority to say.

And

And now the country people gather'd round,
 And star'd upon the Knight in thought profound,
 Not on the system of Linnæus thinking—
 Fancying they saw a rogue in ev'ry feature ;—
 Such is the populace's horrid nature
 Tow'rd people thro' misfortune sinking.

At length, amidst much mob and mire,
 Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
 Fatigu'd, they reach'd the mansion of the Squire,
 To prove th' identity of Joseph Banks.

Now to the Squire, familiar bow'd the Knight,
 Who knew Sir Joseph at first sight—

What's strongly mark'd, is quickly known again—
 And with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
 The thieftakers severely reprimanded
 For thus mistaking gentlemen.

Then bad them ask a pardon on their knees,
 Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.—
 Who, rather than the higher pow'r's displease,
 Imagin'd that they could not well do less—

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
 And crav'd Sir Joseph's pardon for belief,

That

That when they jump'd upon him by surprise,
They took so great a *gemman* for a thief,
Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks*.

SOLOMON

SOLOMON and the MOUSE-TRAP.

A Man in rather an exalted station,
 Whose eyes are always eyes of admiration,
 Without distinction, fond of all things novel,
 Ev'n from the lofty sceptre to the shovel—
 Just like stray'd bullocks saunt'ring through the lanes,
 Made frequent curiosity campaigns ;
 Sometimes caught grasshoppers—now more profound,
 Would sometimes find a pin upon the ground ;
 Where if the head towards him happ'd to point,
 His mind was wonderfully struck—
 Indeed he felt a joy in ev'ry joint,
 Because it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *hight* Solomon, one day,
 In quest of novelty pursu'd his way ;
 Like great Columbus, that fam'd navigator,
 Who found the world we've lost across the water ;

But rather on a somewhat narrower scale,
 Lo ! on dry land the gentleman set sail——

That day it chanc'd to be his will,
 To make discoveries at Salthill ;

F

Where

Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's house,
 Whose hands were both employ'd so clever,
 Doing their very best endeavour

To catch that vile free-booter, Monsieur Mouse ;
 Whose death she oft did most devoutly pray for,
 Because he eat the meat he could not pay for :

Resembling Christians in that saving trick,

Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
 Invented an ingenious scheme call'd *tick*,

That purchases, like money, beef and beer :
 Possess'd of *tick*, for cash man need not range,
 Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did Solomon so curious clap
 His rare round optics on the wondrous trap

That did the duty of a cat ;
 And always fond of useful information,
 Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation,

“ What's that ?—What, what ? hæ, hæ ; what's
 “ that ? ”

To whom, reply'd the mistress of the house,

“ A trap, an't please you , Sir, to catch a mouse.”

“ Mouse !—catch a mouse ! ” said Solomon with
 “ glee—

“ Let's see—let's see—'tis comical—let's see——

“ Mouse !

“ Mouse !—mouse ! ”—then pleas’d his eyes began
 “ to roll—

“ Where, where doth he go in ? ” he marveling
 “ cry’d—

“ There,” pointing to the hole, the dame reply’d. —

“ What here ? ” cry’d Solomon ; “ this hole, this
 “ hole ? ”

Then in he push’d his finger ’midst the wire,

That with such pains that finger did inspire,

He wish’d it out again with all his soul :

However, by a little squawl and shaking,

He freed his finger from its piteous taking—

That is to say, he got it from the hole.

“ What makes the mouse, pray, go into the trap ?

“ Something (he cry’d) that must their palates
 “ please.”—

“ Yes, (answer’d the fair woman) Sir, a scrap

“ Of rusty bacon, or of toasted cheese.”

“ Oh ! oh ! (said Solomon) oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

“ Yes, yes, I see the meaning of it now—

“ The mouse goes in, a rogue, to steal the meat,

“ Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat.”

Then laugh’d he loudly, stretch’d his mouth a mile,

Which made the muscles of the widow smile.

“ Let’s fee, let’s fee,” cry’d Solomon—“ let’s fee—

“ Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me, let me,

Then took he up some bacon, and did clap

A little slice so clever in the trap.

Thus did he by his own advice,

Induce himself to bait a trap for mice !

Now home he hied so nimbly, whelm’d with glory,

And told his family the wondrous story

About the widow’s cheese and bacon scrap ;

Nought suffer’d he to occupy his head,

Save mouse ideas, till he went to bed,

Where blest he dreamt all night about the trap.

Here let me pause, and heav’n’s great goodness
chaunt——

How kind it is in gracious Heav’n to grant

To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty station,

A pow’r of relishing most trifling things,

Pleasures ordain’d for brats in leading strings,

By way of happy harmless relaxation !

Next day the man of wisdom came,

All glorious, to the house of this fair dame,

To know if Master Mouse had smelt to bacon ;

When, lo ! to fill with joy his eager eyes,

And load those staring optics with surprise,

A real mouse was absolutely taken !

Not

Not more did Rodney's joy this man's surpass,
 When in his cabin first he saw De Grasse!
 Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian boy,
 Leap'd, like a Bedlamite, for joy,

Than Solomon to see the mouse in jail!
 Not Alexander, foe of great Darius,
 (Men that with rich comparison supply us)
 When blest he caught the Persian by the tail.

Around the room the mouse he bore,
 Insulting the poor pris'ner o'er and o'er;
 Laughing and peeping through the wire,
 As if his eyes and mouth would never tire!

How like to Tamerlane the great,
 Possess'd of most unlucky Bajazet,
 Who kept the vanquish'd hero in a cage;
 Mock'd him before his mighty host,
 With cruel names and threats, and grin and boast,
 And daily thus indulg'd imperial rage!

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puss,
 He triumph'd too, and ask'd the cat,
 When he would act heroically thus——
 And if he dar'd to venture on a rat.

To whom the cat, as if in answer, mew'd,
 Which made the man of wisdom cry, "Oh! ho!"

As

As if with knowledge of cat speech endu'd,
 He thought that pufs had answer'd "No."
 On which he laugh'd and much enjoy'd the joke——
 Then told the widow what the cat had spoke.

Six days the man of wisdom went
 Triumphant to Salthill, with big intent,
 To catch the bacon-stealing mouse :
 Six mice successively proclaim'd his art,
 With which, safe pocketed, he did depart,
 And shew'd to all his much-astonish'd house.

But pleasures will not last for aye ;
 Witness the sequel of my lay——
 The widow's vanity, her sex's flaw,
 Much like the vanity of other people——
 A vapour, like the blast that lifts a straw,
 As high, or higher, than Saint Martin's steeple :

This vanity then kidnapp'd her discretion,
 Design'd by God Almighty for her guard ;
 And of its purpose got the full completion,
 And all the widow's future glories marr'd :

For, lo ! by this same vanity impell'd,
 And to a middle-fiz'd balloon,
 With gas of consequence sublimely swell'd,
 She bursted with th' important secret soon.

Loud

Loud laugh'd the tickled people of Salthill——

Loud laugh'd the merry Windsor folks around——

This was to Solomon an ugly pill!——

Her fatal error soon the widow found——

For Solomon relinquish'd mouse campaign,

Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again!



P E T I T I O N to T I M E, In Favour of the Dutchess of Devonshire.

TOO long, O Time, in *Bienfiance's* school,

Have I been bred to *call* thee an old fool;

Yet take I liberty to let thee know,

That I have always *thought* thee so:

Full old art thou to have more sense——

Then, with an idle custom, Time, dispense.

Thou really actest now, like little misses,

Who, when a pretty doll they make,

Their curious fingers itch to take

The pretty image all to pieces:

Thus, after thou hast form'd a charming fair,

Thou canst not quit her for thy soul,

Till, meddling, thou hast spoil'd her bloom and air,

And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.

But

But now forbear such doings, I desire——

Hurt not the form that all admire——

Oh, never with white hairs her temple sprinkle——

Oh, sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,

And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,

Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

Know, should thou bid the beauteous Dutchess fade,

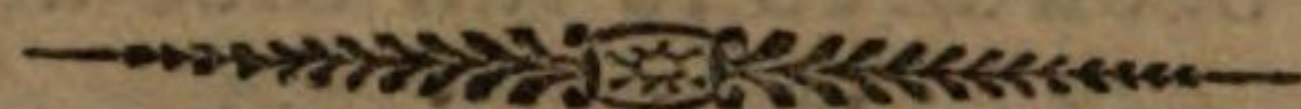
Thou, therefore, must thy own delights invade ;

And know, 'twill be a long, long while,

Before thou giv'st her equal to our isle——

Then do not with this sweet *chef d'œuvre* part,

But keep, to show the triumph of thy art.



O E C O N O M Y.

OECONOMY's a very useful broom ;

Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room

To catch each stragling pin to make a plumb——

Too oft Oeconomy's an iron vice,

That squeezes ev'n the little guts of mice,

That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

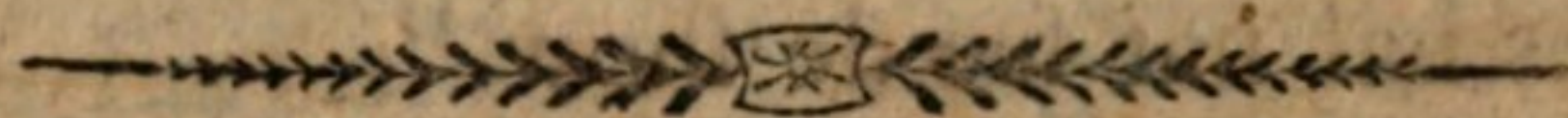
Proper Oeconomy's a comely thing——

Good in a subject—better in a king ;

Yet

Yet push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling——
 Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean ;
 Inclines them too to villany to lean,
 To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

Ev'n when the heart should only think of grief,
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,
 And swallows up th' affections all so mild——
 Witness the Jewess, and her only Child.



The JEWESS and her SON.

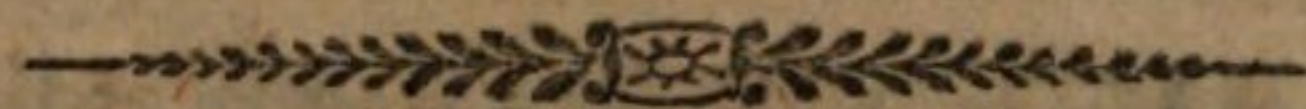
POOOR Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
 Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
 In imitation of th' ambitious great,
 High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
 He fell all plump into the pit,
 Dead in a minute as a nit :
 In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck ;
 Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck !
 The mother was distracted, raving, wild——
 Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrace'd and kiss'd her
 child——

Affected

Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around :
 Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
 And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,

She cast about her eyes in thought profound :
 And being with a saving knowledge blest'd,
 She thus the playhouse manager address'd :——

“ Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
 “ Dat meet mishfartin here so bad——
 “ Sher, I mufs haf de shilling back, you know,
 “ Afs Moses haf nat see de show.”



But as for Av'rice, 'tis the very devil ;
 The fount, alas ! of ev'ry evil ;

The cancer of the heart—the worst of ills :
 Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives ;
 No flow'r of virtue near it thrives ;

Like Aconite, where'er it spreads it kills.

In ev'ry foil behold the poison spring !
 Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.
 The mighty Marlborough pilfer'd cloth and bread ;
 So says that gentle satirist Squire Pope ;
 And Peterborough's Earl upon his head,
 Affords us little room to hope,

And

That what the Twitnam bard avow'd,
Might not be readily allow'd.



The Earl of PETERBOROUGH and the M O B.

THROUGH London streets upon a day,
The Earl of Peterborough took his way,
All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine——
The mob of London took it in their head,
This was the Duke of Marlborough, so dread
To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable such high merit to reward,
The mob resolv'd to show a great regard;
And so uniting, join'd their farces
To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses.

The Earl from out his carriage pok'd his face,
And told the mob that he was not his Grace;
Then bid them be convinc'd and look:
Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardest Jew,
They told him that they better knew,
Then swore by G—— he was the Duke:

Then

Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
And form'd a thunder of applause.

Loud bawl'd the Earl that they were all deceiv'd——

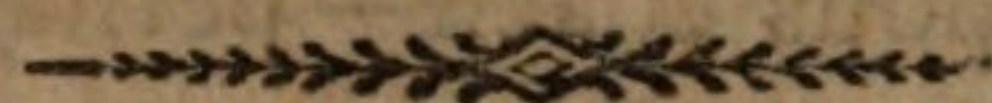
Loud bawld'd the mob he should not be believ'd——

“ Zounds !” cry'd the Earl, “be converts then this
“ minute ;”

So throwing fixpence to them, “ there, there, there,

“ Take that,” cry'd Peterborough, with a sneer——

“ Now if you think I'm *he*, the devil's in it.”



ODE to a DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

S W E E T girl, forbear to drop thy head with
shame——

What tho' the parson did not tie the knot ?

What tho' the boy should come ?—he'll bring thee
fame——

The world's an afs, and custom is a sot——

Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,

And throw thy blushes and thy fears aside.

Eve had no parson—for no priest was Adam,

And yet not out of countenance was Madam ;

Her

Her modesty receiv'd no grievous shocks,
 When Master Cain was put upon the stocks ;
 Nor when, t' increase the number at her table,
 She sat about the frame of Master Abel.

Once more, then, do not be afraid ;
 Without thy boy, a wonder may be missing——
 A likeness of my charming maid,
 The boy may do a credit to thy kissing.

Thou putt'st me of the morning much in mind,
 Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind——
 So slow her motions ! all so very slow !
 And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glow :

But safe deliver'd of her boy, the *Sun*,
 The lusty lad, so proud his race to run,
 Mounts high exulting in his birth ;
 Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,
 Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
 And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kiss away thy tears——
 Oh ! cease thy sighs, and be a happy mother ;
 And when this chopping boy appears,
 Suppose we give the lad a little brother ?

The GENTLEMAN and his WIFE.

PEOPLE may have too much of a good thing——
Full as an egg of wisdom thus I sing !



A Man of some small fortune had a wife,
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life ;
And pretty well they bore the yoke together :
With little jarring liv'd the pair one year ;
Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,
At times 'twas dark and dull, and hazy weather

Now came the time when mistress in the straw
Did, for the world's support, her screams prepare ;
And Slop appear'd, with fair obstetric paw,
To introduce his pupil to our air ;
Whilst in a neighb'ring room the husband sat,
Musing on this thing now, and now on that ;
Now sighing at the sorrows of his wife ;
Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain ;
But recollecting that such pray'rs were vain,
He made no more an offer of his life.

As thus he mus'd in solemn study,
Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,

In Betty rush'd with comfortable news——

“ Sir, Sir, I wish you joy, I wish you joy——

“ Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy——

“ As fine as ever stood in shoes.”

“ I'm glad on't Betty,” cry'd the master——

“ I pray there may be no disaster ;

“ All's with your mistress well, I hope ?”

Quoth she, “ All's well as heart can well desire

“ With Madam and the fine young Squire ;

“ So likewise says old Doctor Slop.”

Off Betty hurried fast as she could scour,

Fast and as hard as any horse

That trottesth fourteen miles an hour——

A pretty tolerable course.

Soon happy Betty came again,

Blowing with all might and main ;

Just like a grampus, or a whale ;

In sounds, too, that would Calais reach from
Dover——

“ Sir, Sir, more happy tidings ; 'tis not over——

“ And Madam's brisker than a nightingale :

“ A fine

“ A fine young lady to the world is come,
 “ Squawling away just as I left the room——
 “ Sir, this is better than a good estate.”——
 “ Humph,” quoth the happy man, and scratch’d his
 “ pate.

Now looking up—now looking down ;
 Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown——
 “ Good God,” says he, “ why was not I a cock,
 “ Who, never feels of burd’ning brats the flock ;
 “ Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madams
 “ picking,
 “ Whilst to the hen belongs the care
 “ To carry them to eat, or take the air,
 “ Or bed beneath her wing the chicken ?”

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
 He found affairs not greatly mended ;
 For in bounc’d Bet, her rump with rapture
 jagging——
 “ Another daughter, Sir—a charming child.”——
 “ Another!” cry’d the man, with wonder wild ;
 “ Zounds ! Betty, ask your mistress if she’s *pigging*.”

The PARSON-DEALER.

WHAT pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,
 That 'mongst the apostolic band,
 So ill divided are the loaves and fishes !
 Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Deacons,
 With ruddy faces blazing just like beacons,
 Shall daily cram upon a dozen dishes ;
 Whilst half th' inferior Cassocks think it well
 Of beef and pudding ev'n to get the *smell*.

A plodding Hostler willing to be master,
 And rise in this good world a little faster,
 Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar ;
 Meaning by *pars'ning* to support a table,
 Lo, of Divines he kept a liv'ry stable——
 A pretty stud indeed—about a score.

Of diff'rent colours were his Gospel hacks——
 Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks :
 That is, some tolerable—many sad :
 And verily, to give the Devil his due,
 The man did Decency pursue,
 Which shows he was not *quite* so bad.

G

For,

For, lo! to dying persons of nobility,
He sent his parsons of gentility

To give the necessary pray'r——
To parting people of a mean condition,
Wanting a foul physician,

He suited them with blackguards to a hair.

To such as were of mild disorders dying,

Viz. of the doctor, gouts, or stones, or gravels,
He sent *good* priests—of manners edifying—
To comfort sinners on their travels:

But to low people in infectious fever,

Or any other dangerous one in vogue,
Such was his honesty, the man for ever
Most scrupulously sent a rogue.

It happen'd on a day when Fate was raging,
Crimp-like, for other regions, troops engaging,

When clergymen were busy all as bees;
A poor old dying woman sent

To this same parson-monger compliment,
Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but one was in the stall,
And *he* the very best of all!——

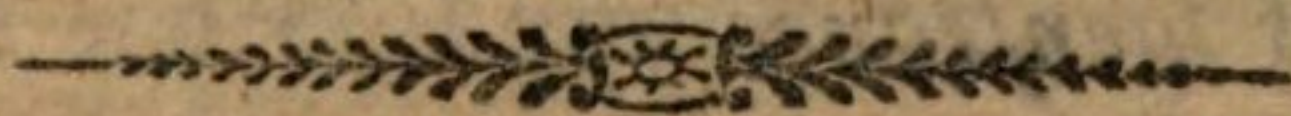
What should be done?

Necessitas non habet legs——

So to the priest he goes and begs
That he would visit the Old Crone.

„ Sir,” quoth the parson, ” I agreed
„ To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,
„ But not to ev’ry poor old lousy soul.”——
“ True,” cry’d the patron; “ to be sure ’tis true;
“ But parson, do oblige me—prithee do——
“ Let’s put her decently into the hole:

“ All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad——
“ I’d do it if I could, myself, by G—d;
“ Then what a dickens can I do or say?
“ Go mumble, man, about a pra’y and half;
“ Tell the old b——ch her soul is safe;
“ Then take you fee and come away!!!”



BIENSEANCE.

T HERE is a little moral thing in France,
Call’d by the natives *bienſeance*;
Much are the English mob inclin’d to scout it,
But rarely is *Monsieur Canaille* without it.

To *bienfiance* 'tis tedious to incline,
 In many cases;
 To flatter, *par example*, keep smooth faces,
 When kick'd, or suff'ring grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *bienfiance* may seem an oddity——
 I deem it a most portable commodity;
 A sort of magic wand;
 Which, if 'tis us'd with ingenuity,
 Although an utensil of much tenuity,
 In place of something solid, it will stand.

For verily I've marvell'd times enow
 To see an Englishman, the ninny,
 Give people for their services a guinea,
 Which Frenchman have rewarded with a bow.

Bows are a bit of *bienfiance*
 Much practis'd too in that same France;
 Yet call'd by Quakers, children of inanity;
 But as they pay their court to peoples vanity;
 Like rolling-pins they smooth where'er they go
 The souls and faces of mankind like dough!
 With some, indeed, may *bienfiance* prevail
 To folly—see the under written tale.

The PETIT MAITRE, and the MAN on the WHEEL.

AT Paris sometime since, a murd'ring man,
A German, and a most unlucky chap,
Sad stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
Fell into Justice's strong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
On which the dullest fibres learn to feel ;

His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke
Amidst ten thousand people, p'rhaps, or more ;
Whenever Monsieur Ketch apply'd a stroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flippant *petit maitre* skipping by,
Stepp'd up to him and check'd him for his cry —
“ Boh ! ” quoth the German ; “ an't I' pon de wheel ?
“ D'ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel ? ”

“ Sir, ” quoth the beau ; “ don't, don't be in a passion ;
“ I've nought to say about your situation ;
“ But making such a hideous noise in France,
“ Fellow, is contrary to *bienveillance*. ”

The TRIUMPH of ISIS, or
Dr. CHAPMAN's THESIS.

OXFORD's Vice Chancellor, a man
Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the courtier
clan,

By virtue of his trade a Thesis* order'd,
Which curs'd the terrible affassination
Intended for the Monarch of our nation
By Marg'ret Nicholson, in mind disorder'd;
That likewise prais'd the royal peep
On Oxford and the arts so deep.

So violent was Doctor Chapman's zeal,
He quite forgot latinity and graces :
Poor Priscian's head, whose wounds he cannot heal,
Was broken in half a dozen places.

Yet tho' a simple Doctor' how amazing !
He set the University a blazing——
Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits——
A farthing candle in cask of spirits !

* A Latin Thesis is annually given out by the Vice Chancellor for the subject of a Poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize candidate.

Richards

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,
 Now strutted victor forth with scornful eyes ;
 Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames
 Who vied for conquest at th' Olympic games.

Forth march'd, too, *Vice—videlicet*, the Doctor,
 Who, purring for preferment, flily *mouses*,
 Attended by each dog-whipper, call'd Proctor,
 And *eke* the heads and tails of all the houses.

Forth march'd the Nobles in their Sunday's geer ;
 Forth strutted, too, each beadle, like the Peer,
 With silver staves, blue gowns, and velvet caps——
 A set of very pompous-looking chaps !

Whilst Hayes *, who sticks like stag-hounds to a
 haunch,
 Mov'd on in all the majesty of paunch :
 To great of all our ears the trembling drums,
 The piper play'd ' the conqu'ring hero comes.'

Loud groan'd the organ through his hundred pipes,
 As if the poor machine had got the gripes ;
 As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm persuasions,
 He oft had roar'd on more sublime occasions.

* The organist.

Now Chapman took, 'midst great compeers, his
station—

Crew open'd subject in a fair oration——

Then clapp'd was Crew—to him applause was
news——

Now 'gan the bard his poem to recite,
And, soaring, bad poor common sense good night,
So lofty were the pinions of his muse !

Thick as the pattering hail his praises show'r——

So strong his Poetry's mechanic pow'r,

High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful lever ;
His muse's magnifying art so great,

Behold his George, an Alfred form complete ;

Small Peg, Goliath, and her knife a cleaver !

Now back the fable bodies mov'd again,

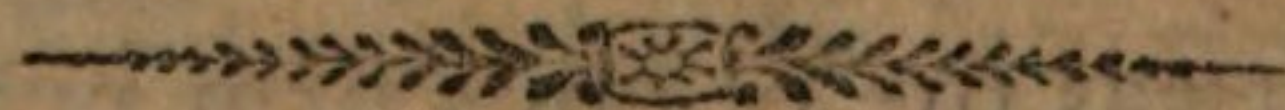
Like beetles all so thick, a crawling host ;

Whilst contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,

Expecting, by the next day's post,

To see their acts in pompous print display'd,

And wreathes of glory crown the cavalcade !



A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

How

How uselefs was th' above ! each person grieves
 And, with the grieving Doctor, cries out shame,
 That so much loyal zeal for nought should flame——
 Not ev'en obtain a pair of coarse lawn sleeves,
 Which poor Saint David giveth to support
 The holy oil-of-fool men of a Court.



O D E to P A T I E N C E.

SWEET daughter of Religion, modest fair,
 Thy hands upon thy bosom so *tranquille*,
 With eyes to Heav'n, with so divine an air,
 So calmly smiling, so resign'd thy will ;
 Oh sent to teach us, and our passions cool,
 I wish thou hadst a little larger school.

Lo, man, so great his want of grace,
 If he but cuts a pimple on his face

When shaving ;

Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
 Kicks up a most infernal rout,

And seemeth absolutely raving ;

And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition——

Thus travel souls of people to perdition !

Stand

Stand at my side, oh stoic dame——
 On starling Martyn bid me cry out “shame,”
 — Instead of knocking the dull fellow down;
 When up the ninnyhammer starts to preach,
 And impudently interrupts a speech
 Of orators of fair and first renown,
 Just like the owl that scares the moonlight hour,
 Whilst Philomela warbles from her bow’r.

And, ho ! attend me when my eyes
 View dedications fill’d with fulsome lies,
 In praise of *gen’rous* Queens and Kings;
 Heav’n swell the fountains of their hearts,
 That seldom water the poor arts,
 However sweetly adulation sings :

Eke, when I hear that stupid Parson H—,
 God’s house with ev’ry nonsense fill,
 And then with blasphemy each sentence cramm’d;
 And when I hear th’ impostor cry,
 “ I’ve news, you raggamuffins, from the sky;
 “ I’m come to tell ye, that you ll all be damn’d :
 “ I’m come from God, ye strumpets—come from
 God—
 “ I’m God Almighty’s servant—hear my voice.”—

Which

Which if it were so, would be vastly odd,
 Since Heav'n would show bad judgement in the
 choice.

Dead all his money-loving soul's desires,
 When subtle Hawkesb'ry talks of patriot fires,
 And yielding places up to save the nation ;
 When of importance braggeth simple Leeds ;
 When Gloster's far-fam'd wife for meekness pleads ;
 And Gloster's Duke breathes war and desolation ;

When Brudenell talks of elegance and ease ;
 When Thurlow turns the first of devotees,
 And to astound the million, builds a church ;
 When royal folks of purest friendship boast,
 Make generosity their constant toast,
 Yet leave poor pining merit in the lurch ;

When wonders thro' his spyglass Marleb'rough views,
 And sends to Banks the great, th' important news,
 Fresh from his *Cranium's* philosophic fogs ;
 When Dick descants on any things but croute,
 When Thompson ought performs beyond a scout,
 And Mawbey talks of any thing but hogs ;
 Sweet *Patience*, sooth me with thy faint-like note,
 Or, driv'n to madness, I shall cut my throat !

To a NEST of LORDS.

BEDCHAMBER utensils, you seem distress'd,
 And swear with horror that my rhymes molest
 Of certain folks so great the sweet repose ;
 Running about with horrors, groans, and sighs,
 And floods, produc'd by onions, in your eyes,
 So strong your friendship, and so vast your woes, !

Dear humming Lords, on friendship bray no more,
 Nor thus the bard's depravity deplore ;
 Lo ! like yourselves each man his trumpet bears,
 In tame credulity's wide-gaping ears,
 Of friendship the sublimity to sound——
 Friendship ! in dictionaries only found !

Perchaunce, my Lords, in foreign parts you've been——
perchaunce your optics fair Versailles have seen ;
 Likewise the Vatican, with all its state,
 And *eke* th' Escurial, pride of Spain confess ;
 But, 'midst those scenes, did e'er your eyeballs blest
 See a pig hanging in a gate ?

If e'er you did this last great sight behold,
 You need not, Lords, so sapient, to be told

What

What most untuneful notes the pris'ner makes :
 Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs
 In raising such ear-crucifying noise,
 As if he really was transfix'd with stakes.

Now near him should there happen to be hogs
 Passing their happy hours amidst the bogs,
 Grunting soft things to their own flesh and blood ;
 That is, unto their sweethearts and their brides,
 Lying like antient Romans on their sides,
 And dining on the dainties of the mud ;

Forgetting love, and dainty mud so fatt'ning,
 In which they had been batt'ning,

Up leaps the herd of swine for his protection ;
 Just like the herd that had the devil,
 Away they scamper, all so civil,

Resolving or to free him or to die——

Such is of swine the friendly quality,
 Altho' proverbial for brutality !

But when at Newgate to be hung,
 A Christian pours a dying song

I grant that numbers hasten to the wretch,
 Most pig-like—but, alas ! lift not a hand
 To keep him longer in the land,

And snatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No ;

No ; on the contrary, so fond their eyes
 Of seeing how a brother dies,
 I, from the bottom of my soul, believe
 They would not wish him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend Pitt condemn'd to
 swing——

Nay, ev'n were *greater people* I could name,
 For whom with goodly zeal you seem to flame——
 I don't believe you'd wish to cut the string,
 Were you but tolerable sure
 The next in pow'r would give you fixpence more.

Learn then, my Lords, (tho' with contempt you treat
 'em)

Friendship from hogs, as well as eat 'em.
 At length my subject ends, and now
 To Folly let me make my best court bow——

O Goddess, still monopolize the *Great* :
 Then oft, to please the palate of the times,
 The Muse shall ride to market with her rhymes,
 And thrive upon her Helicon estate.

EXPOSTULATORY

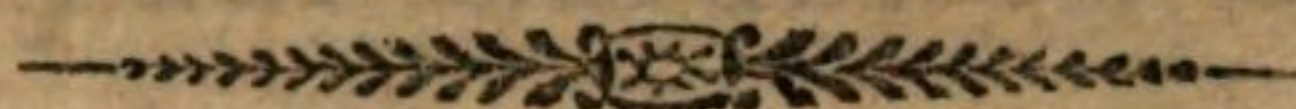
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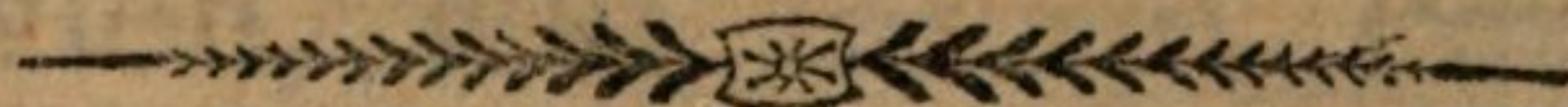
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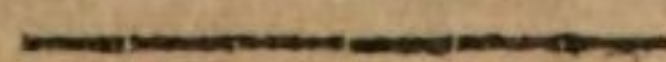
By P E T E R P I N D A R, E S Q U I R E.



————— Torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia !—————

J U V E N A L

Full many a Wight hath suffer'd for a Song,
And curs'd his volubility of Tongue.



That PETER may not THUS have Cause to say
With JUVENAL, poor Fellow, let us pray!

EXPOSTULATORY ODE

TO A

GEREAT D V K E

AND A

L I F E T O R D

BY ESTER LINDA R. K. V. A. R.

JOHN A. S.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
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EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

MY LORDS,

YOUR *UNCOMMON ATTENTION*
to my late Publication demands a Return of Gratitude. Permit me to present to your Lordships the following Lyric Trifles, which, if possessed of Merit sufficient to preserve them from Oblivion, will inform Posterity that you existed.

I am, my Lords,

&c. &c. &c.

PETER PINDAR.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

M. T. L. O. R. D. S.

TO THE HONOURABLE

TO THE HONOURABLE

TO THE HONOURABLE

TO THE HONOURABLE

TO THE HONOURABLE

TO THE HONOURABLE

TO THE HONOURABLE

you existed.

I am, my Lords,

&c. &c. &c.

PETER PINDA

EXPOSTULATORY ODES.



ODE I.

MOST noble Peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime fav'rites of an *honest* court
Are hunting treason 'midst my publications——
Hunting, like bloodhounds, with the keenest noses,
Which hound-like hunting nat'rally supposes
The bard dares satirize the King of Nations.

Ye sharp state mousers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws :
An Asiatic fight may be renew'd ;
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,
'Twixt falcon Burke and Sheridan, so brave,
And heron Hastings, such a dainty dish,

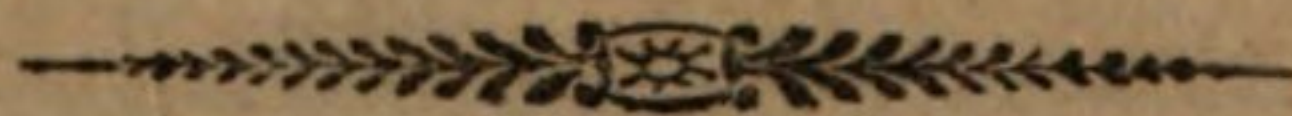
So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,

The largest, fattest of the eastern wave !

Yes, yes, I hear that you have watch'd my note,
And wish'd to squeeze my tuneful throat ;
When Thurlow your designs most wisely scouted,
Swearing the poet should not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage espies
A linnet or a canary bird, so sweet ;
The scoundrel lifts, so sanctified, his eyes,
Contriving how the warbler's back to greet :

He squints, and licks his lips, stalks round, and round,
Twinkling with mischief fraught his tyger tail ;
Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound,
Looks up with hungry wishes to assail ;
When sudden enters master with a roar,
And kicks the scheming murderer to door.



O D E II.

RIGHT honest watchdogs of the state,
I like to smile at Kings, but treason hate——

Most

Most busy Jenkinson, Bute's once best friend,
 A praise that stamps a character divine !
 Believe not thus the Poet can offend ;
 Ye gods ! can Peter pour th' unloyal line ?

I Peter, perpetrate so foul a thing !
 I offer mischief to so good a King !
 Now be it known to all the realms around,
 I would not lose my liege for twenty pound !

Mild Osborne, softer than the down of ~~of~~ goose,
 I beg you will not let suspicion loose——
 If so—of history I'll turn compiler——
 Divulge some tame amours with Mistress C-yl-r :
 So tame, indeed, so singularly stupid,
 As gave a blush to little pimping Cupid !

O Heav'ns ! can Jenkinson and Osborne long,
 Foes to the muse, to cut out Peter's tongue ?
 Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,
 To knock with those dread bolts a simple Poet down ?

Lo ! into life against my will I tumbled,
 And, says my nurse, I made a horrid clatter ;
 Kick'd, sprawl'd, and sputter'd, gap'd, and cried, and
 grumbled,
 Quite angry, seemingly, with Mother Nature ;

Who,

Who, *queen-like*, thinking all she does is right,
 Against my wishes lugg'd me into light ;
 And what is harder, and worse manners still,
 She'll kick me out of it against my will.

Yet since on this world's theatre I'm thrown,
 Which with my temper now begins to suit ;
 And since its *drama* pleases, I must own
 I should be sorry to remain a mute ;
 Inclined to say, like Beckford*, undeterr'd,
 " By G— I'll speak, and d-mme I'll be heard."

My Lords, I fain would live a little longer,
 For lo ! desire, as to a bosom wife,
 Undoubtedly the greatest bliss of life,
 Hath taken deeper root and stronger.

Would HE who made the world look down, and say,
 " Peter, wilt live on earth a thousand years ?"
 " Lord, Lord," I should delighted roar away,
 " Ten thousand, if to thee it meet appears."

* The House of Commons frequently resounded with those emphatic expressions of the late angry patriotic alderman, when gentlemen, by scraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning, (to adopt the phraseology of my old friend Dr. Johnson) meant to oppugn the impetuosity of pecuniary arrogance. and annihilate the ebullition of pertinacious loquacity.

“ So

“ So long ! what for ? ” the Deity might cry,
 “ O great Divinity,” quoth I,
 “ A thousand reasons ; principally one,
 “ To see the present Prince of Wales,
 “ Whom many an aspic tongue affails,
 “ Aloft on Britain’s envied throne.

“ Where half the monarchs that have sat before
 “ Have only sat to eat, and drink, and snore ;
 “ To damn the credit of the age,
 “ And load with folly hist’ry’s blushing page.”

And, Jenkinson, should thy hard face behold
 A *George the Fourth* upon the throne,
 Adieu at once thy age of gold !
 Behold thy hopes of higher honours gone !

Then get thyself an Earldom quick, quick, quick,
 For fear of Fortune’s wild vagaries ;
 Thus shall thy daughters all, like mushrooms thick,
 Rise Lady *Joans* and *Madges*, *Nells* and *Marys*.



O D E III.

I OWN

I OWN I love the *Prince*—his virtues charm—
 I know the youth receiv'd from heav'n a heart :
 In friendship's cause I know his bosom warm,
 That maketh *certain folk* with wonder start.

'Tis true that from my soul the man I hate,
 Immers'd in mammon, and by mis'ry got ;
 Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,
 And wishes to have ev'ry thing for nought :

Who if he gam'd, the dice would meanly cog ;
 Rob the blind beggar's scrip, and starve his dog—
 And that there are such wretches near a throne,
 Degraded nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,
 With hook-like fingers ever on the stretch ;
 Who fighting, vents on Charity a curse,
 That asks for *want* a penny from his purse :

The heart that lodges in that miser's breast,
 For money feels the hunger of the shark ;
 Resembling, too, the rusty iron chest
 That holds his idol—close, and hard, and dark.

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend,
 And scorning Moderation's prude-like stare,

Can

Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare,
 Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When friendship draws the corks, and bids the dome
 With mirth and sallies of the soul resound :
 When friendship bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
 Till morning eyes the board with plenty crown'd ;
 Behold the *virtues* that sublimely soar,
 Instead of meanly damning, cry "*Encore.*"

O D E IV.

WITH you, my Lords, I'm ev'ry thing that's
 evil ;

There's scarce a crime I've not committed ;
 The very essence of the devil ;
 Deserving by the dæmon to be spitted ;

Just like a turkey, goose, or duck,
 Prepar'd by Joan the cook to go to fire ;
 So wanton have you both been pleas'd to pluck
 The swan that imitates his Theban fire

Of ev'ry quality am I bereft,
 Not ev'n the shadow of a virtue left ;

Not

Not one small moral feather in my wings,
When dead, to lift me to the King of Kings.

My Lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name
Unwisely, you may damn me into fame :
By letting thus your spleen on *Peter* loose!
He builds triumphal arches on abuse !

In vain the bard turns oculist, and tries
To purge film from this world's darken'd eyes :
In vain to Printer's and to Printer's devils
I fly, and advertise to cure King's Evils :
With huge contempt you look on me, alack !
My *nostrums* curse, and call the Bard a quack.

In general, authors are such coward things,
They fear to speak their sentiments of Kings,
Till those same Kings are dead, and then the crowd
Just like a pack of hounds, historian, bard,
With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
And try to tear him piecemeal from his shroud.

Now, if we wish a Monarch to reclaim,
In God's name let us speak before he's dead,
Or else 'tis ten to one we miss our aim,
By staying till the Fates have cut his thread :
After this operation of their knife,
I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And

And yet, what is the greatest King when dead,
 When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread
 And low he lies beneath the stone?
 The man who millions call'd his own,
 Howe'er his spectre may be willing,
 Cannot give change t'ye for a shilling!

O D E V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my Lords, I hear,
 And thus they grate the poet's loyal ear:

“ Bard, we are both superior to thy lays——

“ Deaf to thy censure, and despise thy praise.

“ Know that our Monarch lifts his head sublime.

“ Beyond the reach of groveling rhyme,

“ An Atlas hiding midst the thickest clouds;

“ Whilst thou, a beetle, doom'd to buz below,

“ In circles, envious rambling to fro,

“ Survey'st the shining mist his head that shrouds.

“ Thy rhymes, insulting Kings with pigmy pride,

“ Are like the sea's mad waves that make a pother,

“ Wild rushing on some promontory's side,

“ One noisy blockhead following another.

“ The

“ The stately promontory seems to say,
 “ Aspiring fools, go back again, go home ;
 “ At once the shoulder’d bullies dash’d away,
 “ Sink from his stately side in fruitless foam.

“ Thou, with rabscallions like thyself,
 “ A poor opiniated elf,
 “ Letting on Kings thy pen licentious loose,
 “ Art like an impudent lane goose,
 “ Who, as the trav’ler calmly trots along,
 “ Starts from amongst his flock, an ill bred throng,
 “ Waddling with pok’d out neck, and voice so coarse,
 “ As if to swallow up the man and horse :
 “ With rumpled feathers to the steed he steals ;
 “ And, like a coward, snaps him by the heels ;
 “ Then to his gang with out-stretch’d pinions
 “ hobbling,
 “ The fool erect returns *Te Deum* gobbling,
 “ And from each brother’s greeting gullet draws
 “ The mingled triumph of a coarse applause.
 “ As if the trotting enemies were beaten,
 “ And man and palfry kill’d and eaten.

“ Poor rogue, thou hast not got the trifling spirit
 “ To own thy King e’er did one act of merit.”
 My Lords, with great submission to your sense,
 Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence ;

An

An act is his my heart with rapture hails —
 George gave the world the Prince of Wales;
 A Prince who when he fills Old England's throne,
 The virtues and fair science shall surround it;
 And when he quits the sceptre, all shall own
 He left it as *unsullied* as he found it.



O D E VI.

GREAT was the Bard's desire to sing the Queen,
 Vast in her soul, majestic in her mien;
 But fierce George Hardinge* swore if pens or pen
 Of woman, women, man, or men,
 In any wise or shape, in ode or tale,
 Dar'd mention that superior Lady, lo!
 The law should deal them *such* a blow! —
 [Hang, pill'ry, or confine for life in jail?

And as a kite, on whom the small birds stare,
 That tow'ring critic of the air,
 Is oft beset by tribes of rooks and crows,
 Amidst the crystal fields of heav'n;
 By whose hard beaks and wings, on common foes,
 Sad knocks to gentle kite are giv'n;

* Solicitor to the Queen.

Surrounded thus amidst that lofty hall,
 Nam'd Westminster, the gentle bard
 Might of the fable legions taste the gall :

He therefore wisely means to play his card :
 The Poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,
 And thus his hide an old companion faves.

Ah, me ! the legislators of Parnassus,
 In liberty, though Englishmen, surpass us !
 What's found at Hippocrene, the Poet's *Spa*,
 Is not at Westminster found law !

Parnassus never with rare Genius wars ;
 But aiding, lifts his head to strike the stars :

At Westminster how diff'rent is his fate ?
 Where if he soars sublime, and boldly sings,
 The sheers of law, like Fate's, shall snip his wings,
 And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchance law neckcloths, form'd of deal or oak,
 Like marriage, often an unpleasant yoke,
 Shall rudely hug his harmless throat,
 And stop his Apollinian note ;
 The empire of fair poetry o'erturning,
 And putting every muse in mourning.

O D E VII.

YOU tell me both, wtht grievous malice carping,
On one dull tune eternall I'm harping —

You would have said to *Milton* just the same;
Who through twelve books the head of Satan
maul'd —

Such names the prince of darknes call'd,
As must have made you roar out shame.

You would (or greatly I mistake) have said,

“ What ! *Milton*, always plaguing the poor Devil,
“ For ever beating Nick about the head ;
“ How canst thou be so dev'lishly uncivil ;

“ Was not *one* book sufficient for thy spleen,
“ But must thou to a mummy beat him,
“ And, like a pickpocket, so barb'rous treat him
“ Through books a dozen or fourteen ? ”

Suppose these things you could have mutter'd,
And glorious *Milton*, like a ninny'
Had answer'd, “ There is sense and reason in ye —

“ Thank ye, kind Gentlemen, for you've utter'd ;
“ The hint you offer not amiss is ;
“ I'll tear my *Paradise* to pieces.”

Suppose

Suppose I ask you what had been the evil?

Believe me, somethings to the world's sad coast——
By such civility to spare the Devil,
My Lords, a second Iliad had been lost.

Thus from poor Peter take the *Great* away;

Of fun you rob him of cart-loads——
What would his customers all do and say?
P'rhaps curse you for the loss of Odes.

You'll say, "Let satire meaner subjects look."

Well, *Jenky**, grant my satire flies at you,
Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book?——
Adieu fair fame, and fortune's smiles adieu!

But if we daring trim a royal jacket,
Lord! what a buying, reading, what a racket!
How spruce the metamorphos'd bard appears!
With what a confidence he pricks his ears!
Who just before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
Look'd of the woeful face, *La Mancha's Knight*!

Who runs to see a monkey in a trap?

But let the noble lion grace the gin,

* Here seemeth to be a contradiction; but when the reader is informed that *Jenky* cannot without mockery be ranked amongst the *great*, the mystery stands explained.

Lo!

Lo! the whole world is out to see him snap,
To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin!

Cut off the head of a great Lord,
Not wiser than the head of a great goose,
Tow'r Hill at once with gapers will be stor'd,
As if the world was all broke loose?

But when a little villain haps to swing,
What a poor solitary string!
How few by curiosity are fetch'd
To see the rope of justice stretch'd!

Scarce any but the hangman and the priest
To do their duty at the culprit's side,
With hemp and prayers his neck and soul assist,
And wish the lonely trav'ler a good ride.



O D E VIII.

HARK! hark! I hear yon courtier pair exclaim,
“ This Peter is the most audacious dog;
“ The fellow hath no rev'rence for a name——
“ A King to him is scarce above a log.”
Sometimes *below** a log, Sirs, if you please;
A bold assertion, to be prov'd with ease.

* A few foreign Monarchs justify the Poet's assertion

I

But

But, goodly Gentlemen, I do desire ye,
 T'avoid in this affair minute enquiry
 Concerning their respective merit ;
 I fear less prudence will be seen than spirit ;
 Logs universally are useful things ;
 A *postulatum* not allow'd to Kings.

“ For us, on Honour's pinnacle,” you cry,
 “ Whose heads are nearly level with the sky,
 “ High basking in the blaze of regal pow'r ;
 “ This Peter, seldom from rank pride exempt,
 “ Calls us, with scowling eyes of fix'd contempt,
 “ A pair of jackdaws perch'd upon a tow'r.
 “ Archbishops, bishops, servants of the Lord,
 “ Head servants, too, who preach the purest word,
 “ With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
 “ No more by him, the scorner, are accounted
 “ Then sweepers on their chimneys mounted,
 “ That wield their brush, and to the vulgar chatter.”

True, my dear Lords—for merit only warm,
 Rank and fine trappings long have ceas'd to charm——
 And yet, their eyes the stupid million blefs,
 For barely getting sights of rank and drefs !

When Judges a campaigning go,
 And on their benches look so big,

Whet

What gives them consequence, I trow,
 Is nothing but a bushel wig :
 Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock stare,
 See learning lodg'd in ev'ry hair.
 But heads, not hair, my admiration draw ;
 Not wigs, but wisdom, strikes *my* soul with awe-

O D E IX.

THE man who printeth his poetic fits,
 Into the Public's mouth his head commits ;
 Too oft a lion's mouth, of danger full,
 Or flaming mouth of *Phalaris's* bull ;
 He pours the sad repentant groan in vain,
 The cruel world but giggles at his pain.

For lo ! our world, so savage in its nature,
 Would rather see a fellow under water,
 Or, from the attic story of a house
 Fall down fouse

Upon a set of cursed iron spikes ;
 Then see him with the blooming lass he likes,
 Blest on a yielding bed of down or roses,
 Where *Love's* fond couple often join their noses,

Upon me what a host I've got !
 Who by their black abuses boil their pot.

Ay, that's the reason—wide-mouth'd hunger calls,
And from the hollows of each stomach bawls!

Thus the poor silk-worms, born to bless mankind,
Whilst for the shiv'ring world the robe they spin,
In ev'ry ring a thousand insects find,
Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the lambs, whose useful fleeces treat
With coats and blankets people of all stations,
By preying maggots are beset,
Harb'ring whole stinking nations;
Which from their backs the crows so kindly pick,
Enough to make a Christian sick.

Oh, would some critic crow but eat the pack
Now nestling in my lyric back,
That daily in their hosts increase,
And try to spoil the finest fleece.
Why am I prosecuted for my rhymes,
That kindly try to cobble Kings and times?

To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright
rancour.

He was a first-rate man of war to *me*,
Thund'ring amidst a high tempestuous sea;
I'm a small cockboat bobbing at an anchor;

Playing

Playing with patereroes that alarm,
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's blunt—his boasted a keen edge —
A sugar hammer mine—but his a blacksmith's sledge !
And then *that* Junius !—what a scalping fellow ;
Who dar'd such treason and sedition bellow !

Compar'd to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,
Lord ! I'm a melting medlar to a crab !

my humour of a very diff'rent sort is——
Their satire's horrid hair cloth, mine is silk——
I'm a pretty nipperkin of milk ;

They two enormous jugs of *aqua fortis*.

Compar'd to their high floods of foaming satire,
My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water ;
A whirlwind they, that oaks like stubble heaves——
I, zephyr whisp'ring, sporting through the leaves.

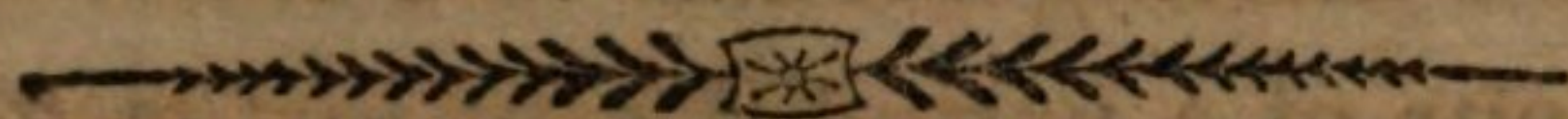
And such all candid people must conclude it——
The world should say of Peter Pindar's strain,
“ In *him* the courtly Horace lives again——
“ *Circum præcordia Petrus ludit.*”

Which easy scrap of Latin thus I render——
No man by Peter's verse is harshly bitten ;

Like

Like lambkins bleats the bard so sweet and tender,
And playful as the sportive kitten.

So chaste his *similes*, so soft his stile,
That ev'en his bitt'rest enemies should smile,
He biddeth not his verse in thunder roar——
His lines perpetual summer—sunshine weather——
He tickles only—how can he do more,
Whose only instrument's a feather?



O D E X.

LIKE children, charm'd with Praise's sugar'd song,
How much the Great admire the cringing throng;
And how much *lovingly* the men they hate,
Who to the stubbornness of conscience born,
Tenacious of the rights of nature, scorn
To hold the censor to the nose of State!

Too many a weak-brain'd man, and silly dame,
Are made ridiculous by fulsome fame;
Rais'd on high pedestals in rich attire,
For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

You bid the bard in panegyric shine;
With courtly adulation load the line:

Sirs,

Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—
Rank poison for a subject, or a King.

My Lords, I do declare that it requires
A brain well fortified to bear great flatt'ries,
Such very dangerous mask'd batt'ries,
That keep on great men's brains such ceaseless
fires!——

I hope that God will give such great men grace
To know the gen'ral weakness of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange——
The love of flatt'ry is the soul's rank mange,
Which, though it gives such tickling joys,
Instead of doing service, it destroys :
Just as mange to lapdog's skins apply'd,
Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide,

A sonnet now and then to please the fair,
With flatt'ry spic'd a little, does no harm——
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, despair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm,

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my muse's art,
By admiration swell'd, hath soar'd too high ;
But Cynthia knew the lover's partial art,
And chid her poet for the tuneful lie

Perhaps

Perhaps too loud the bard hath struck the lyre ;
 And when th' enthusiast, with a lover's fire,
 More bright than angels, gave the nymph to glow ;
 By Truth's delightful dictates solely sway'd,
 Ought of his fav'rite Cynthia to have said,
 " She triumphs only o'er the world *below*."



O D E XI.

MY Lords, I won't consent to be a bug,
 To batten in the royal rug,
 And on the backs of Monarchs meanly crawl,
 And more, my Lords, I hope I never shall.
 Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it,
 You know the miserables that can *prove* it.
 I cannot, Papist-like, (a dupe to Kings)
 Create divinities from wooden things.

Somewhere in Asia—I forgot the place—
 Ceylon I think it is——Yes, yes, I'm right ;
 There Kings are deem'd of heav'nly race,
 Aud blasphemy it is their pow'r to flight.

Like crouching spaniels down black Lords must lie,
 Whene'er admitted to the Royal eye,

And

And say, whene'er the mighty Monarch chats
 To those black Lords about their wives and brats,
 That happen in the world to tumble ;
 " Dread Sire, your slave and bitch my wife,
 " Hath brought to bless your dog so humble,
 " One, two, three, four, five puppies into life ;
 " All subject to your godlike will and pow'r,
 " To hang or drown in half an hour."

This is too servile, I must dare confess—
 'Twixt man and man the diff'rence should be less.
 I own I brought two wond'ring eyes to town,
 Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
 To see the mighty man who wore a crown—
 To see the man to whom great courtiers stoop.

Much had I read, which *certes* some time since is,
 My bible so replete with Kings and Princes,
 And thought Kings taller than my parish steeple ;
 I thought too, which was natural enough,
 Jove made their skins of very diff'rent stuff
 From that which clothes the bones of common
 people:

But mark ! by staring, gaping ev'ry day,
 The edge of admiration wore away,
 Like razor's edges rubb'd against a stone ;
 Kings ceas'd to be such object of devotion,

I say

I saw the Beings soon without emotion,
And thought like mine their bodies flesh and bone.

Like many thousands, I was weak enough
To think Jove kept a soul and body shop—
Like mercers had variety of stuff,
For such whose turn it was to be made up ;
And that he treated with great liberality
Folks born to figure in the line of quality ;
Giving souls superfine, and bones and bloods,
In short, the choicest of cœlestial goods :

But on the lower classes when employ'd,
It struck me, that he work'd with much *sang froid*,
Not caring one brass farthing for the chaps ;
Forming them just as girls themselves amuse
In making workbags, pincushions, and shoes——
Videlicet—from scraps.

Now can't I give a thimbleful of praise,
E'en to an Emp'ror, if uncrown'd by merit ;
A starving principle, 'faith, now a-days,
And unconnected with the courtier's spirit——
You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a ladle,
And rock of grinning idiotism the cradle.

O D E XII.

SO much abus'd, I lose my lyric merit——
 Evaporated half its spirit ;
 Reduc'd from alcohol to phlegm :
 From soild pudding to whipp'd cream !

There was a time when not one bit afraid
 Of ought the people roar'd, or sung, or said ;
 I carelessly my fav'rite trade pursued ;
 Invok'd Apollo, and the muses woo'd :
 And with the stoicism that sooths a stone,
 I sat me down and pick'd my mutton bone.

Thus when amidst the tumbling world of waves
 The cloud wrapp'd Genius of the tempest raves,
 And midst the hurrying mafs of specter'd gloom,
 FATE mounted on the wild wing of the blast,
 Shouts desolation through the twilight waste,
 And, thund'ring, threats a system's doom ;
 Lo ! with light wing a gull the billows sweeps,
 Sports on the storm, and mocks the bellowing deeps ;
 Now on the mountain surge compos'd he squats,
 Adjusts his feathers, and looks round for sprats.

I now may say with righteous David, “ Lord,
 “ With foes I'm fore encompassed about ;”

And

And rhyme like Sternhold, once for verse ador'd,

“ I wote not when I shall get out ;

“ So craftily the heathen me assail,

“ My canticle doth not a whit avail.”

Lo ! almost ev'ry one at Peter's head

Levels his blunderbuss, and takes a pop——

Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead,

But harmless yet, thank God, I've seen it drop :

Yet by and by some luckless shot

May knock about the brains of tuneful Peter——

Thousands will smile to see him go to pot,

And mock him in his grave with shameless metre :

Not so our gracious King and Queen, I know it——

They've pity, if not pence to give a poet.

Patient as Job, when Satan, all so vile,

Betting his skin against the Lord's,

Adding a most contemptuous smile,

As well as most indecent words,

Cover'd the man of UZ with boils,

At which with horror ev'ry heart recoils :

Yes, patient as the man of UZ am I,

Though forc'd on envy's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the court ?—Lords, Lordlings fly the place——

The ladies, too, so full of loyal grace,

Turn

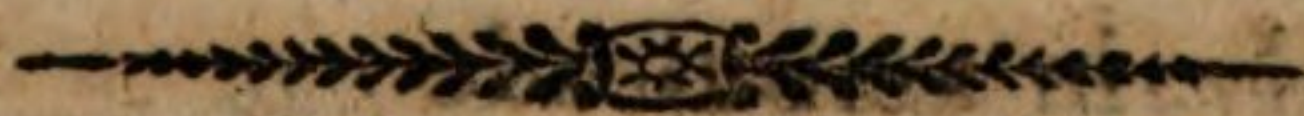
Turn their gay backs when there I show my head;
 As happen'd at St. James's t'other day,
 When up the stairs I took my solemn way,
 And fill'd the fine-drefs'd gentlefolks with dread.

Off Brudenell flew, and with his star so blazing;
 Off flew the frighten'd Sir John Dick, so stout,
 Who won his blazing star by means amazing——
 By manufacturing four crout.

Off flew with this great crout-composing Dick,
 Thompson and Salisb'ry, Harcourt, and Gold-stick;
 Such was the terror at the man of rhymes,
 As though he enter'd to divulge their crimes.

Thus on a bank upon a summer's day,
 Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
 When puppies join in wanton play,
 Free from the slightest fear of being skinn'd;

If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
 A fly old alligator pokes his nose;
 P'rhaps with a wish to taste a slice of cur;
 At once the dogs are off upon the spur;
 Nor once behind them cast a courtly look,
 To compliment the monarch of the brook.



O D E XIII.

DESERTED

DESERTED in my utmost need by fate,
 Like fam'd Darius, great and good ;
 Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large estate ;
 Forc'd, forc'd to brouse, like goats, the lanes for
 food !

Alas ! deserted quite by ev'ry friend ;
 And what than friendship can be sweeter ?
 Lo ! not a soul will kind assistance lend ;
 Lo ! ev'ry puppy lifts his leg at Peter !

Like some lone insulated rock am I,
 Where midst th' Atlantic vast, old Æol raves ;
 Shook by the thunders of each angry sky,
 And roll'd on by the rushing world of waves !

So hard, indeed, the critic tempest blows,
 I scarce can point against the gale my nose——
 A storm more violent was never seen !
 So dread the war !—indeed it must be dread,
 When from his shop John Nichols pops his head,
 And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artill'ry ne'er was play'd :——
 And yet, not all th'artill'ry is his own ;
 Hayley, a close ally, in ambuscade
 Behind, assists the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will. Hayley for his Squire,
 Are serious things, howe'er the world may laugh—
 And therefore dread I much to face the fire
 Of this intrepid *Hudibras* and *Ralph*.

You too, my Lords, combin'd with those dread foes
 To tear the bard to pieces for his rhymes,
 Is very cruel, Heav'n well knows,
 And does no sort of credit to the times—

Yet let me feel myself—I'm not yet dead,
 Though maul'd so terribly about the head :
 By Printer's Devils and allies surrounded :
 P'rhaps, like the Prussian Monarch, I may rise
 Herculean, to the world's surprize,
 And see my enemies confounded

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
 Though seeming dead, stretch'd out amidst the pit—
 Leap'd up and giv'n his foe a fatal wound——
 Then why not mine, ye Gods, the lucky hit?



O D E XIV.

WITH your good leaves, my Lords, I'm now
 Not deem'd *perchaunce*, a poet quite divine——

Perchaunce

Perchaunce with beasts at Ephesus I've warr'd,
 Like that prodigious orator St. Paul,
 And for my stanzas, p'rhaps both great and small,
 You kindly wish me feather'd well, and tarr'd.

You think I loathe the name of King, no doubt——
 Indeed, my Lords, you never were more out :

I am not of that envious class of elves ;
 Though Dame Mc. Auley turns on Kings her tail ;
 With great *respect* the sacred names I hail,
 That is, of Monarchs who *respect* themselves.

But should they act with meanness, or like fools,
 The muse shall place a fool's cap on their skulls.
 Stubborn as many a King, indeed, I am——
 That is, as stubborn as a halter'd ram :

A change in Peter's life you must not hope :

To try to wash an ass's face,
 Is really labour to misplace ;
 And really loss of time, as well as soap.



O D E XV.

PRAY let me laugh my Lords ; I must, I will——
 My Lords, my laughing muscles can't lie still :

Unpolish'd

Un polish'd in the supple schools of france,
I cannot burst to pleasure complaisance

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt ;
And ev'ry grin so merry, draws one out:

I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh,
And think that risibility was giv'n
For human happiness, by gracious heav'n,
And that we came not into life to cry :

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin.

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature say,

“ Fools, how you plague me ! go, be wise, be gay ;

“ No tortures, penances, your God requires——

“ Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,

“ And know that Heav'n hath not one angel more

“ In consequence of groaning nuns and friars.

“ Heav'n never took a pleasure or a pride

“ In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipp'd hide.

“ Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart ;

“ Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things ;

“ And if their follies happen to divert,

“ I shall not quarrel at a joke on Kings.”

K

ODE

O D E XVI.

IF Monarchs (the suggestion, p'rhaps, of liars)
 Turn housebreakers, and robe the nuns and friars;
 Steal pictures, crucifixes, heav'nly chattels,
 To purchase guns and souls for battles:

In spite of all the world may say and think,
 If Empreses will punk-like kifs and drink:

If Kings will sell the hares and boars they kill,
 And snipe and partridge blood for mammon spill,
 Denying thus themselves a dainty dish,
 And go themselves to market with their fish:

Pleas'd with the vulgar herd to join their name,
 If Kings, ambitious of a blacksmith's fame,
 Not wondrously ambitious in their views,
 Instead of mending empires, make horse shoes:

Dead to fair science, if to vagrant hogs,
 To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
 Great Princes, pleas'd, a patronage extend;
 Whilst modest genius pines without a friend:

Dismissing grandeur as an idle thing,
 If on bob wigs, flouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
 Upon

Upon vulgarity a Monarch doats,
More pleas'd to look a coachman than a King :

If with their bullocks Kings delight to battle ;
On hard horse chesnuts make them dine and sup,
Resolv'd to starve the nice-mouth'd cattle

Until they eat the chesnuts up ;
Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,
And think it dev'lish hard they can't have hay :

If Kings will mount old houses upon rollers,
Converting sober mansions into strolers,
Heraclitus's gravity can't bear it.—
I must laugh out, and all the world must hear it.



O D E XVII.

JUST one word more, my Lords, before we part—
Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art ;
'Tis very dang'rous to attack a poet—
Also ridiculous—the end would show it.
Though not to *write* to *read* I hear you're able :—
Read, then, and learn instruction from a fable.



The P I G and M A G P I E,

A F A B L E.

K 2

COCKING

COCKING his tail, a faucy prig,
 A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,
 To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest ;
 And with such ease began the hair attack,
 As thinking the fee simple of the back
 Was by himself, and not the Pig, posselt.

The Boar look'd up as thunder black to Mag,
 Who, squinting down on him like an arch wag,
 Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn :
 Then busy went to work, not nicely culling ;
 Got a good handsome beakful by good pulling,
 And flew without a " Thank ye " to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling ;
 Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
 Who, like a fool, had built it midst a bramble :
 In manfully he sallied, full of might,
 Determin'd to obtain his right,
 And midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,
 And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags :
 But ere he from the brambles came, alack !
 His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
 His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
 He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

This is a pretty tale, my Lords, and pat :
 To folks like you, so clever, *verbum sat*.

F I N I S.

Wolcot, John,

Additions to the works of Peter Pindar

S.l. 1789

P.o.angl. 280 I

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